

Jan.
No. 31

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PAGES

SPARKLING

STARS



THE MOST FOR YOUR DIME in SPARKLING STARS



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THE MOST FOR YOUR DIME is in SPARKLING STARS

CRIME AND CRIME PREVENTION AUTHORITY WRITES FOR US



J. M. MASTER
U. S. Probation Officer
Southern District of New York

Would you like to have an expert — known by prison officials, district attorneys and police officers all over the country — tell you why criminals and juvenile delinquents (so-called "bad" boys and "bad" girls) get that way? And how crime can be reduced?

Well, you can have the privilege of reading special articles concerning the foregoing subjects, written by J. M. Master, U.S. Probation Officer. We have induced him to write on many interesting topics in connection with his work.

The first three of the series of articles appearing in early issues of SPARKLING STARS, written by the U. S. Probation Officer are:—

"WHY 'BAD' BOYS ARE CRIMINALS?"

"WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINALS?"

"WRONG START, RIGHT END, MADE BY THREE BOYS"

The 20 years that Mr. Master has spent in and out of prison and correctional work, include the following positions:—

Personnel Officer of the Massachusetts State Prison, executive secretary of the Big Brother Association of Boston, supervisor of the Personnel Dept., of the Mass. Reformatory for Men, supervisor of the information and complaint dept. of the Juvenile Court for the District of Columbia, probation director and editorial assistant of the Attorney General's Survey of Release & Procedure of the U.S. Depart-

ment of Justice, and warden's assistant of the Federal Detention Headquarters, New York City.

In the course of his prison work, Mr. Master became skilled in the use of revolvers, machine guns, tear gas, ju-jitsu, etc. But although he can deal with the toughest criminal, Mr. Master is also an understanding scholar. He has B.A. and M.A. degrees from Harvard University, and in addition, studied at the New School for Social Research and at the N.Y. School of Social Work.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Much has been written about the so-called glamorous careers of criminals. But in an early issue of SPARKLING STARS will appear the far more glamorous career of an outstanding detective of the New York Police Department — written by a friend who has known him for a long time. Its title is:—

A GREAT BROADWAY DETECTIVE— A TRUE CRIME FIGHTER

HOLYOKE PUBLISHING CO., 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Massachusetts

I don't want to miss receiving my monthly copy of Sparkling Stars, so here is my dollar bill. Please send me the next 12 big issues of Sparkling Stars—my favorite comic book.

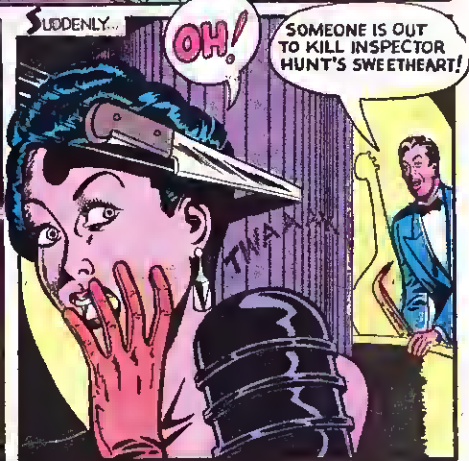
NAME TOWN
STREET STATE

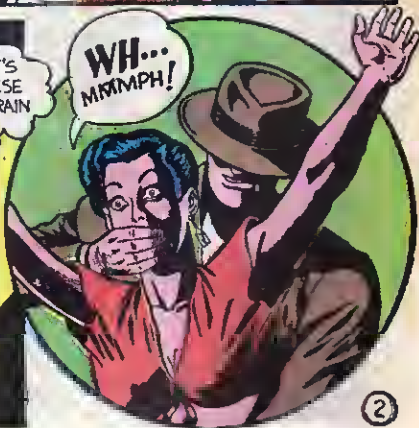
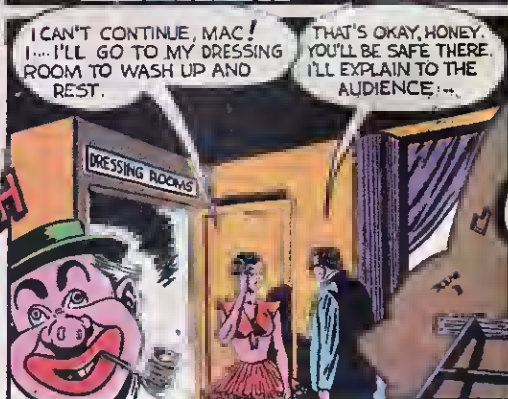
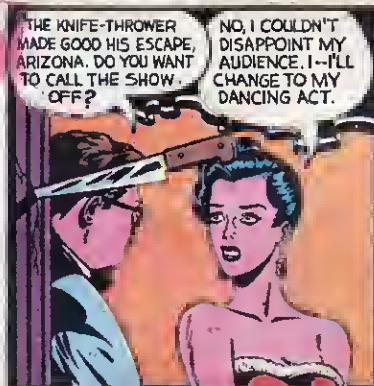
SPARKLING STARS, January, 1948, No. 31: Published monthly by Holyoke Publishing Co., Office of publication, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and executive offices, 1475 Broadway, Times Bldg., New York 18, N. Y. Entered as second class matter January 16, 1946, at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Price: 10 cents per copy. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions, \$1.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright, 1947, by Holyoke Publishing Co. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. The names of all characters that are used are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental. Printed in U. S. A.

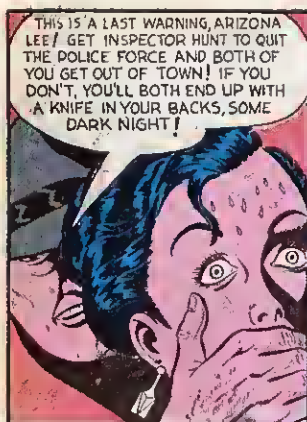
INSPECTOR *Click Hunt*

SEEKING TO SAVE THE
LIFE OF ARIZONA LEE, INSPECTOR
HUNT BEGINS A TRAIL OF TERROR THAT ENDS
IN A LONG, HARD, HAIR-RAISING RIDE OF HORROR
IN...

"THE CASE OF THE PORTABLE MORGUE!"





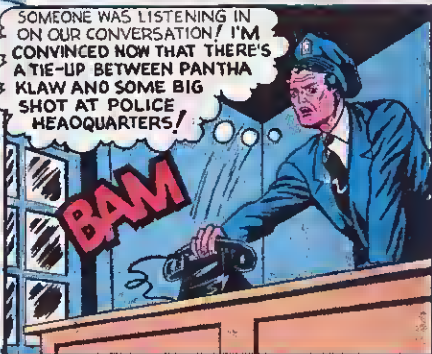


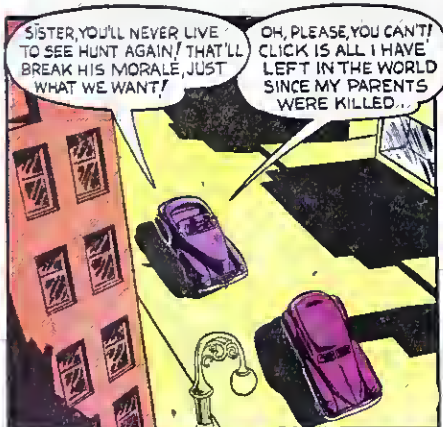
OH! I MUST PHONE CLICK AT ONCE!



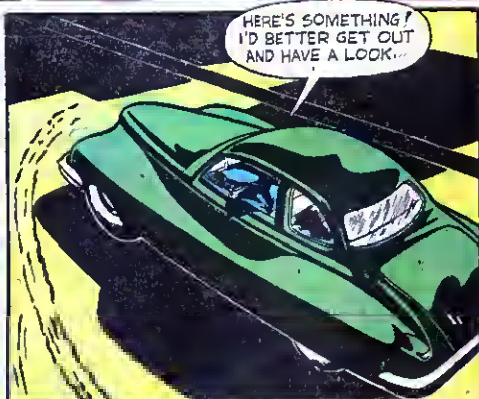
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, CLICK! I THINK HE'S A MEMBER OF THE PANTHA KLAW MOB! I'VE SEEN HIS PICTURE IN YOUR FILES!

LOOK, SUGAR, MEET ME IN YOUR HOTEL LOBBY IN THIRTY MINUTES. I'VE GOT AN IDEA TO KEEP YOU OUT OF DANGER!





LATER, AS CLICK HUNT WAITS IMPATIENTLY IN THE HOTEL LOBBY.....



In case this brick fails to furnish you better quit off — police department right? If you don't we'll spoil the pretty looks of your girl friend Arizona Lee, with a dose of acid!

I CERTAINLY WON'T QUIT THE FORCE AND I CAN'T LET THOSE FIENDS HARM ARIZONA. I'LL HAVE TO GET PANTHA KLAU AND HER MOB BEFORE THEY CAN CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT! I'LL HAVE HEADQUARTERS CHECK AND IDENTIFY THOSE TIRE MARKS.

THE ONLY CAR WE HAVE LISTED THAT COULD HAVE MADE THOSE MARKS BELONGS TO "FATS" BOONE, INSPECTOR.

"FATS" BOONE! WHY, THAT'S PANTHA KLAU'S TRIGGER-MAN! THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!

CLICK HUNT CALLS IN HIS BEST STOOL PIGEON...

HERE HE IS, INSPECTOR, "WEASEL" WATKINS.

IF IT'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH PANTHA KLAU, I AIN'T TALKIN'!

AFTER A FEW HOURS OF GRILLING, WATKINS "SINGS."

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TALK! BOONE AIN'T IN TOWN. BUT HIS CAR IS AT THE ACME GARAGE, NEAR THE EAST RIVER. THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

WELL, IT GIVES ME SOMETHING TO WORK ON, ANYWAY.

A SHORT WHILE LATER IN A DESERTED GARAGE...

THIS IS THE CAR, ALL RIGHT—UH-OH! I HEAR VOICES COMING THIS WAY.



I'LL REALLY BE IN HOT WATER IF FATS DISCOVERS ME IN THIS TRUNK.... BUT IT MAY LEAD TO ARIZONA'S WHEREABOUTS.



DID YOU CHECK THE GAS AND OIL, MARTY? IT'S A LONG RIDE OUT TO FATS'S PLACE.

YEAH, THE CAR'S OKAY.

MANY HOURS LATER, CLICK FEELS THE CAR DRAWING TO A HALT AT ITS DESTINATION....



BUT WHEN FATS'S HENCHMAN OPENS THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, HE GETS A BIG



SURPRISE! IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO STRETCH MY LEGS AFTER THAT LONG RIDE!

OOOF!

CLICK HEARS MENACING VOICES ANNOUNCING AN UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION!

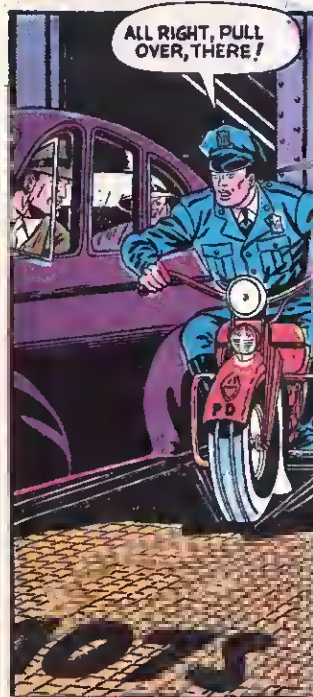
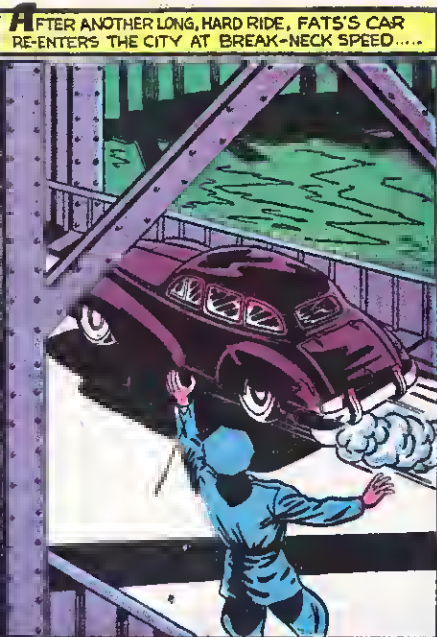


IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GUYS GOT HERE. WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE CITY RIGHT AWAY: **LOAD THIS STUFF IN THE BAGGAGE TRUNK. HE COMES WITH US!**



IT'S INSPECTOR HUNT! GRAB HIM BOYS! PANTHA'LL BE TICKLED OVER THIS!

THEY'RE TOO MANY...IMPOSSIBLE TO GET AWAY...



INSIDE THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT ..

I OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN FOR THIS!

THAT VOICE, IT'S CLANCY - FROM MY SQUAD! IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE THIS GAG ON!

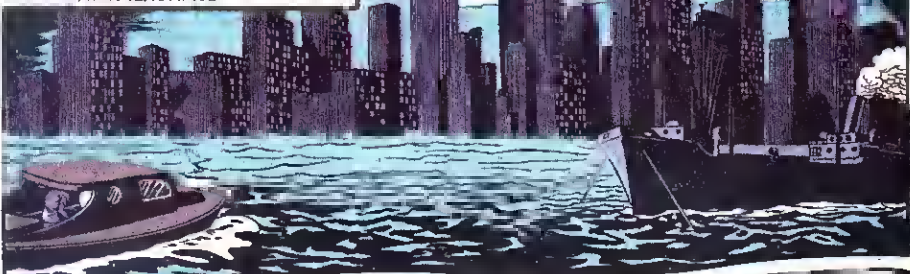


MINUTES LATER, THE MOBSTERS' CAR PULLS UP IN A DESERTED SECTION OF THE DOCKS

ALL RIGHT, UNLOAD HUNT AND THE STIFF! HURRY, PANTHA'LL BE SORE IF WE'RE LATE!

THAT'S IT! STUFF 'EM BOTH IN THE BOX. THE SPEEDBOAT UNDER THE DOCK IS READY TO GO!

IMPRISONED IN THE NARROW BOX WITH HIS FRIGHTFUL FELLOW PASSENGER, CLICK IS TAKEN ON A BUMPY RIDE TO THE NARROWS, FAR OUT IN NEW YORK HARBOR, TO A LONELY OLD FRIEGHTER STANDING IDLE AT ANCHORAGE



THE BOX IS HOISTED ABOARD AND CLICK IS DELIVERED TO HIS ARCH-ENEMY, PANTHA KLAU!

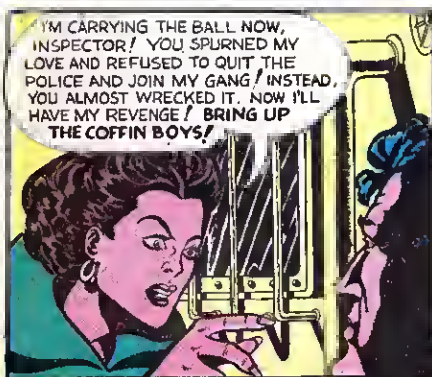
WHAT'S IN THE BOX, FATS?

SOMETHING YOUR HEART'S BEEN CRAVING FOR A LONG TIME!

INSPECTOR HUNT! GOOD WORK, FATS!

I KNEW YOU'D WANT ME TO BRING HIM HERE ALIVE SO THAT YOU COULD FINISH HIM OFF IN YOUR INIMITABLE STYLE.





I'M CARRYING THE BALL NOW, INSPECTOR! YOU SPURNED MY LOVE AND REFUSED TO QUIT THE POLICE AND JOIN MY GANG! INSTEAD, YOU ALMOST WRECKED IT. NOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! BRING UP THE COFFIN BOYS!



WELL, HERE GOES! IT'S NO USE STRUGGLING, HUNT! YOU CAN'T GET LOOSE AND YOUR GIRL FRIEND IS UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE DRUG!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



THERE'S YOUR SWEETHEART! SHE ISN'T DEAD, JUST HALF DRUGGED. I'M GOING TO BURN HER FACE AWAY WITH ACID RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES! THEN, I'LL WEIGHT YOU DOWN WITH THAT STIFF AND TOSS YOU INTO THE OCEAN!



NOT AS UNCONSCIOUS AS YOU THINK! THAT DRUG WORE OFF AN HOUR AGO!

OH!



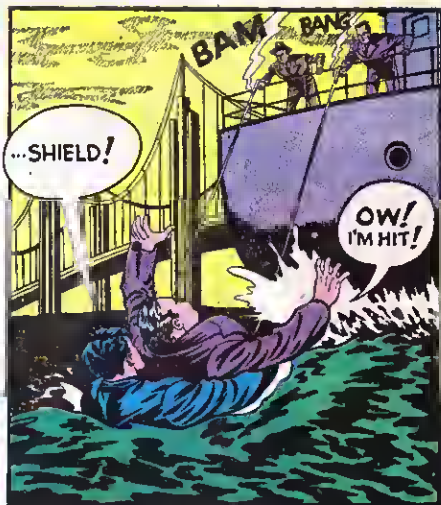
OH CLICK... I'M SO SCARED!

YOU'RE DOING GREAT, HONEY.... HURRY, CUT THESE ROPES, HERE COMES FATS AND HIS GANG!

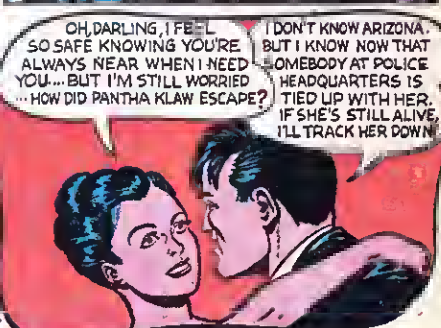
HEY!



I'M GOING OVERBOARD, FATS AND I WANT YOU FOR COMPANY!



ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, A POLICE LAUNCH ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE





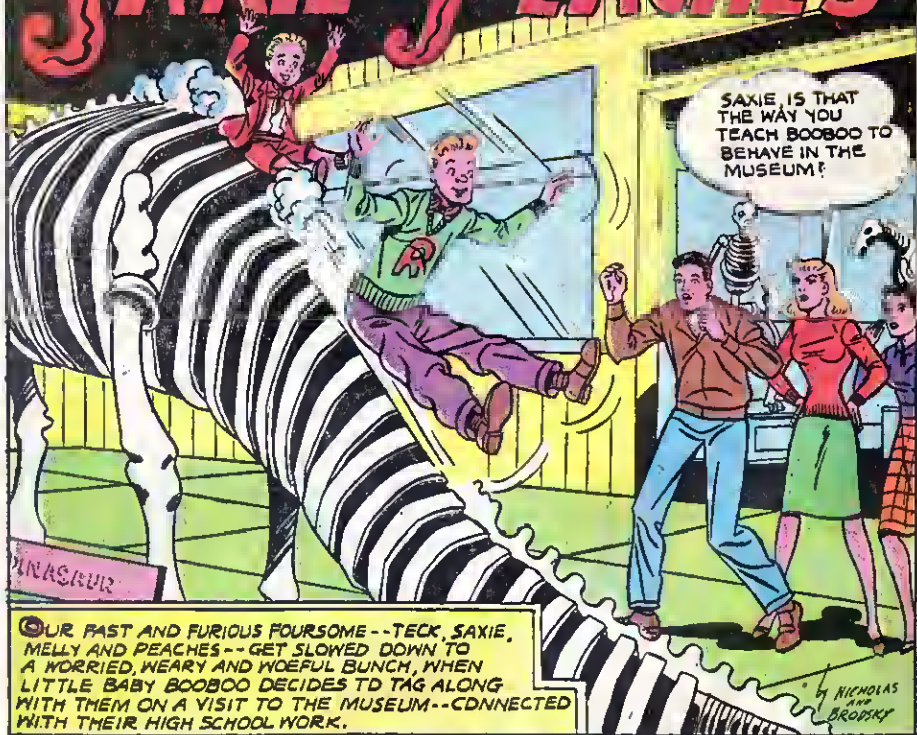
When she was only 15 years old, DOROTHY SCHROEDER, broke into baseball via the All-American Girls League.

Now, at 18, Dorothy plays short-stop for her team, the Comets of Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Charley Grimm, manager of the Chicago Cubs says, "She'd be worth \$50,000 to a major league club if she were a man." That is about as much as the great Joe Di Maggio is reported to be getting..

UNUSUAL
SPORTS
STARS

SAXIE and PEACHES



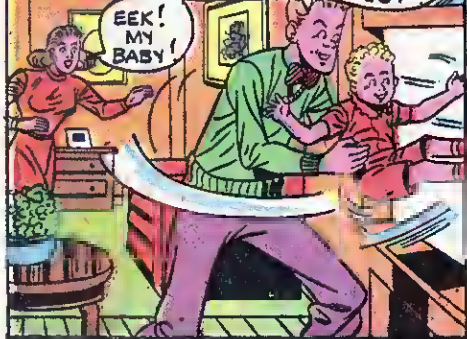
OUR FAST AND FURIOUS FOURSOME -- TECK, SAXIE, MELLY AND PEACHES -- GET SLOWED DOWN TO A WORRIED, WEARY AND WOEFUL BUNCH, WHEN LITTLE BABY BOOBOO DECIDES TO TAG ALONG WITH THEM ON A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM -- CONNECTED WITH THEIR HIGH SCHOOL WORK.

NICHOLAS BRODSKY

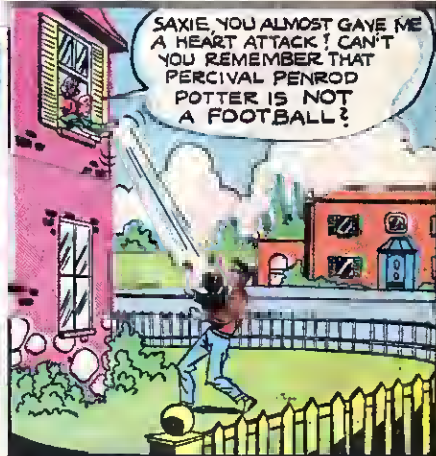
SAXIE HAS VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE BOOBOO DOWNTOWN TO A DANCING SCHOOL FOR MRS. POTTER...

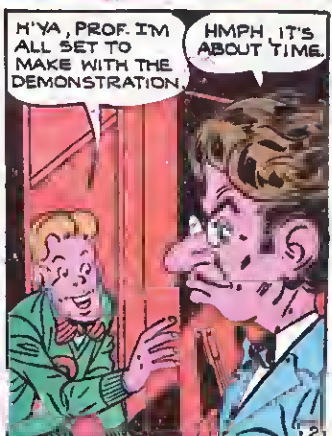
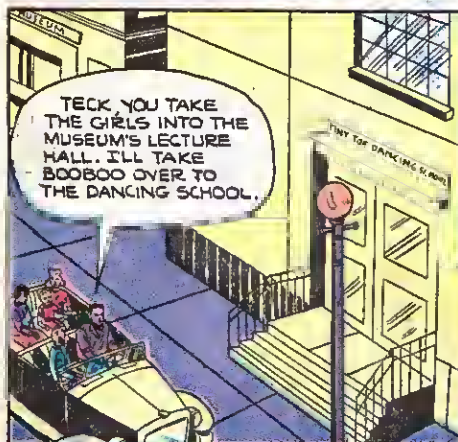
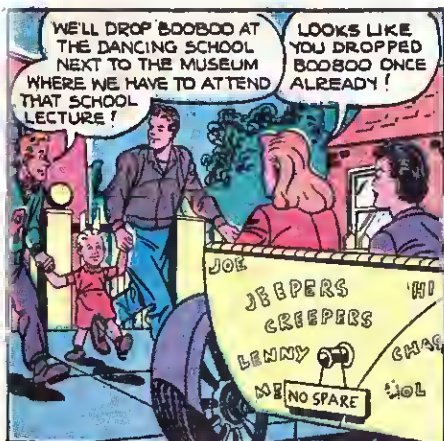
THE CAR'S OUT FRONT, BOOBOO. HERE, YOU CAN TAKE A SHORT CUT!

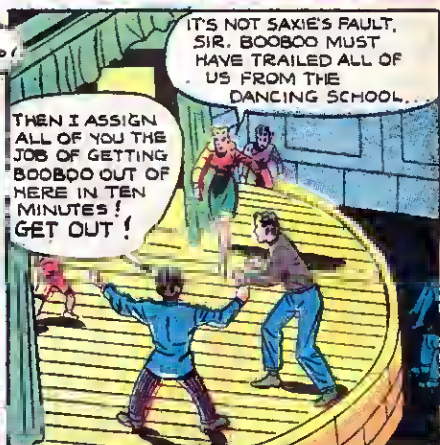
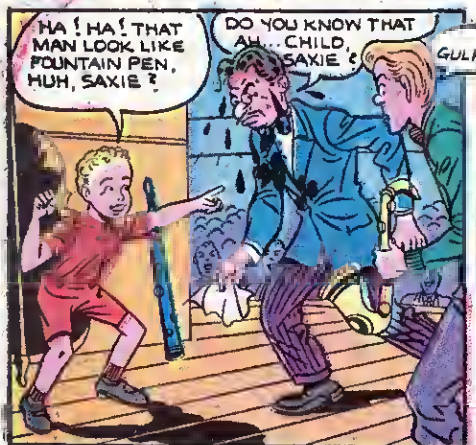
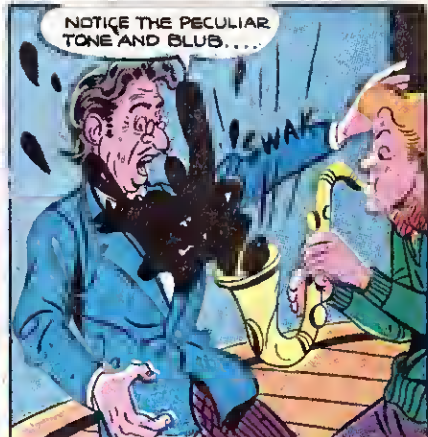
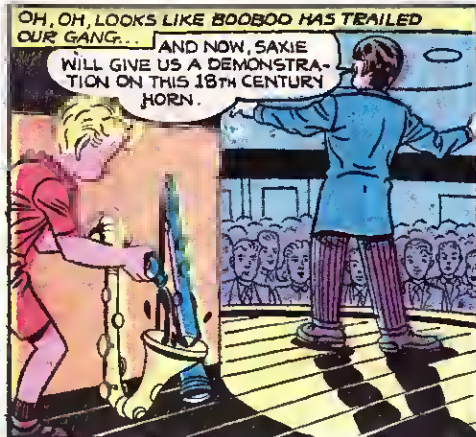
EEEK!
MY BABY!

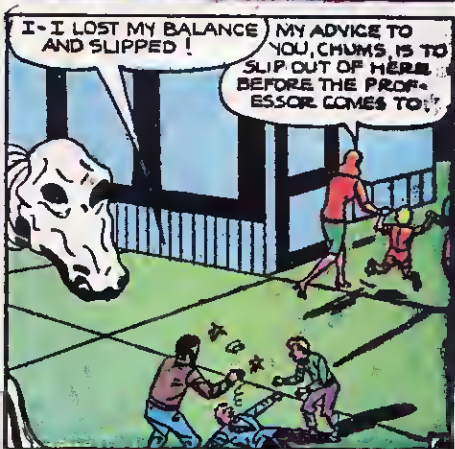
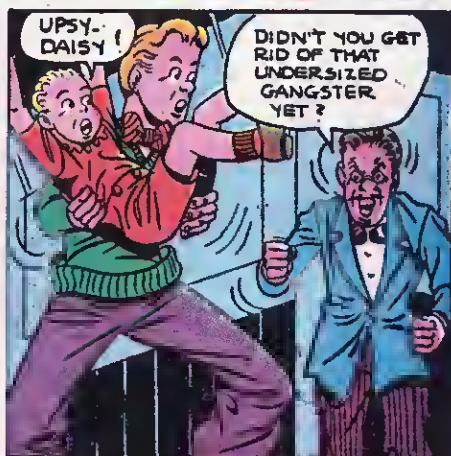
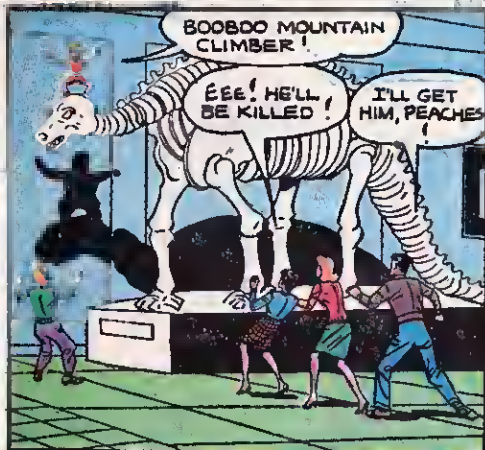


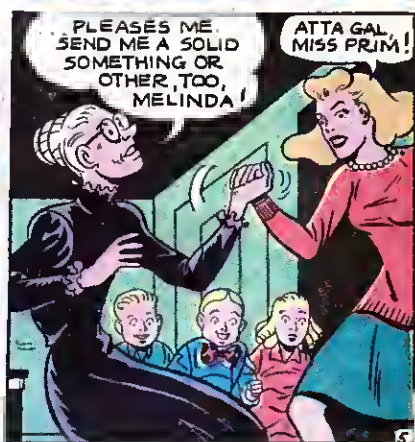
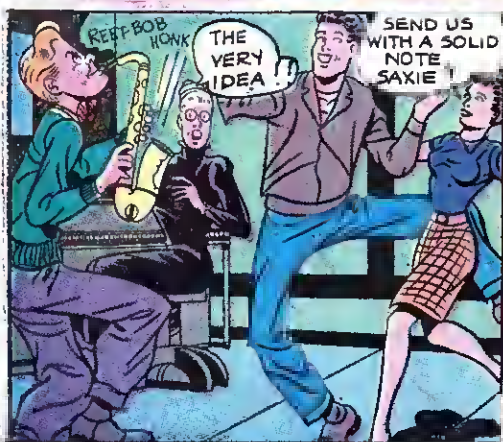
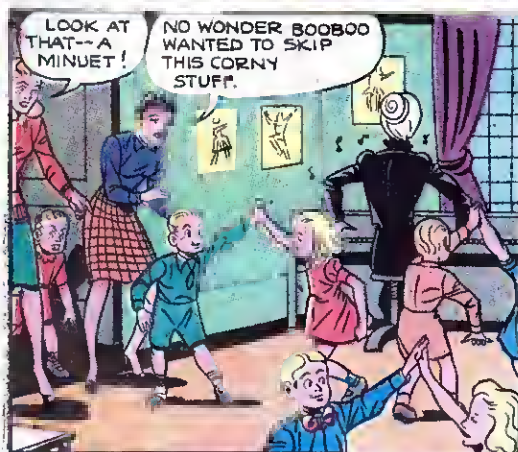
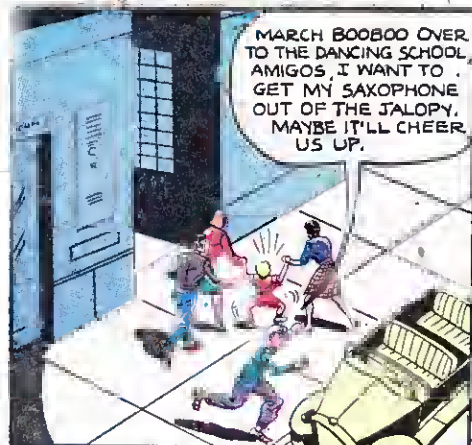
SAXIE, YOU ALMOST GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK! CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT PERCIVAL PENROD POTTER IS NOT A FOOTBALL?

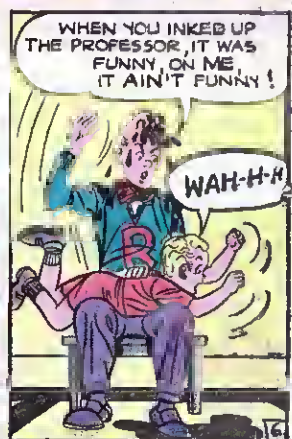
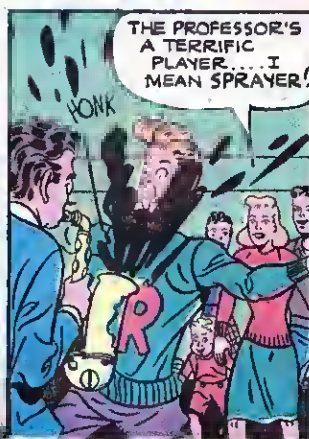
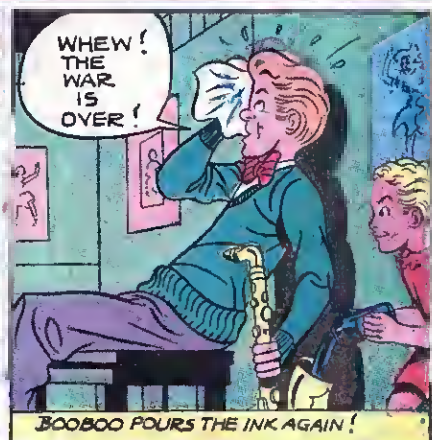
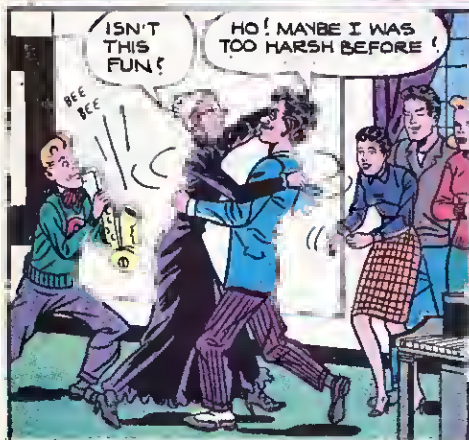
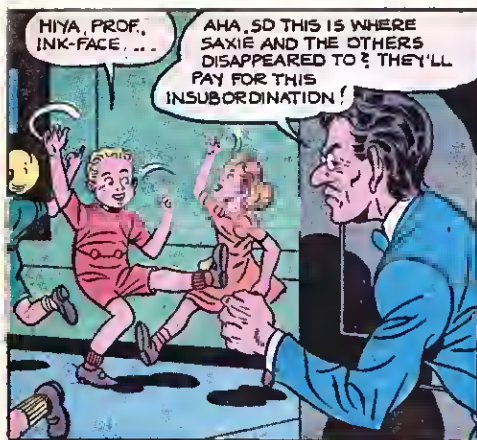












Puzzle Page

ABCDEF

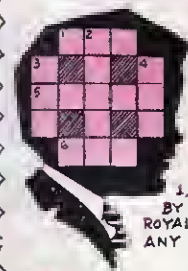
CAN YOU SPELL TWO WORDS
BY USING EACH OF THE ABOVE
LETTERS ONLY ONCE?

1. _____
2. _____

A drawing lesson for the children.



SEE HOW EASY
YOU CAN DRAW
MY PICTURE.
STEP BY STEP.



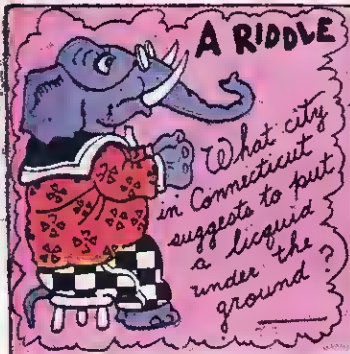
JUNIOR
CROSS
WORD
PUZZLE

ACROSS.

1. A GAME PLAYED
BY CHILDREN; 5. A
ROYAL HEADDRESS; 6.
ANY JEWEL.

DOWN. 2. ALL BY ONESELF; 3. TO
PERFORM; 4. INSECT.

A RIDDLE



What city
in Connecticut
suggests to put
a liquid
under the
ground?

CUT OUT THESE
EIGHT PIECES
VERY CAREFULLY
AND TRY TO FIT THEM
ALL TOGETHER TO MAKE
AN ENLARGED PICTURE
OF THIS BIRD.



An Animal Hunt

FIND AN ANIMAL IN A FIXED
ALLOWANCE. ANSWER → RATION

FIND AN ANIMAL IN A PERSON
WHO LACKS COURAGE.

FIND AN ANIMAL IN A LARGE
PLATFORM.

FIND AN ANIMAL IN A PUNGENT
ROOT.

FIND AN ANIMAL IN BULWARKS.

FIND AN ANIMAL IN
A STRONG
SCENTED
HERB



REARRANGE
ALL OF THE
LETTERS ON THE
SIGN TO FORM A
FAMILIAR PHRASE.



TRANSPOSE A FEMININE NAME AND
MAKE A MONTH; REARRANGE THE
SAME LETTERS AGAIN AND MAKE AN
EDIBLE ROOT.

WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINAL?

By

J. M. Master, U. S. Probation Officer
U. S. District Court, Southern District of N. Y.

(The views of the writer, as expressed in this article, do not necessarily represent those of the Judges of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of N. Y.)

The stories of Jim, Abe, and Tony, which I am going to relate, are stories of three real boys. All three could be called "bad", because they broke the law. Of course, in these stories, the names and some of the facts are changed so you should not be able to know who Jim, Abe, and Tony are.

How did they get into trouble? Why did they become bad? What caused them to wind up in court? It would be easy to say that it was all because of Jim's parents and poor home. The simple answer in Abe's case could be that he wanted "easy money." As for Tony, we might decide that his friends were the cause of his trouble. All three answers are only partly right.

* * *

Jim's father, a truck driver, drank more liquor than he should. This brought about his loss of jobs and a growing lack of interest in his home and family. He reached the point of not caring whether the children had enough food, or clothes, or a home. He found fault and made life hard for his wife and children. Jim's mother was sickly and a poor housekeeper. She lacked the character to keep from nagging and whining over her hard life.

The home was dirty, disorderly, crowded, and far from being the sort that any boy would want to spend time in, or bring his friends to. There also were two younger sisters and three younger brothers, in poor health, ragged, dirty, and noisy. Home was a four room flat in the run-down West End. Jim didn't mind these things or even being poor, because he was used to all that from birth.

There were other things missing that he did mind, even though he never spoke of them. He wanted to be proud of his parents and his home. He missed being able to talk things over with his father, get his advice, and have him as a pal. Jim's mother was too tired, too sick, too busy with the younger children and the house to give Jim much time, or to help make life a bit more pleasant for him.

What could Jim do about these things? He found that by cutting up, even if it resulted in being punished, he could get his parents' attention. At school, this trick also worked with his teachers, whose classes were crowded and whose conditions of work were far from easy. When breaking the rules to get the interest and attention of the teachers began to wear off, Jim started truanting. As a result, he flunked subjects, became disliked, and built up a poor school record. Little wonder that he quit school as soon as he reached working age!

Jim didn't find job hunting, or working, much better. The jobs he could get, or hold, were dull, hard, and paying little. What he earned was taken from him by his parents. He thought he would be better off after leaving school, but now found that he was worse off. At the start he enjoyed spending his time, after work, with former schoolmates on the street corner. But working full time made him feel too grown up to hang around with school kids. He then drifted to the bar rooms and pool rooms. He tied in with some older boys, who seemed to be up against the same problem of getting away from their dull homes to places

where fun and freedom cost little.

Jim soon learned that his new friends thought it stupid to work and have their wages taken away at home. Jim wouldn't need to work if he followed their example in stealing and keeping what he got for himself. Of course, they didn't "wise him up" to the fact that crime does not pay.

Jim first helped his pals in some night breaks, receiving his split of the money taken from the store tills and secured by the sale of goods they stole. This money soon was not enough to meet his share of "good times", or to treat the other fellows. Jim next did a few jobs by himself, keeping all the money.

His pals did not like this. They felt he still was a member of their gang and should share everything. When Jim refused to do this, one of the gang tipped off the police. Jim was arrested. In court, he was found guilty. The number of Jim's crimes, his gang interests, and his very poor school and work records did him harm in court. The Judge felt that Jim needed the strict discipline and treatment which he would receive at the Reformatory.

* * *

Abe's parents were hard working, thrifty, immigrants from Eastern Europe. The father had a small tailor shop and gave the mother all his earnings. They loved their home of three rooms in a lower East Side tenement district. Abe was their only child. They catered to his every wish and felt that nothing was too good for him.

As Abe grew up, he felt that his parents didn't change, Abe did. He lost his respect for them and made more demands upon them. He became very selfish and insisted that everything had to be done his way.

At school, Abe looked upon the teachers in the same light that he did upon his parents. This led to a steady stream of trouble. His parents tried to shut out of mind the fear that their love was doing him harm. In school and in the neighborhood, Abe couldn't keep friends, because of his selfish demands and lack of ability to give and take.

Abe wouldn't remain in school a day longer than he had to, quitting as soon as he was old enough to go to work. He thought he was a man and didn't have to listen to his parents at all. Hoping that Abe would settle down after his fling at fun, his parents did not protest too strongly. In fact, they mistakenly felt proud that their "little Abie" sported flashy clothes, ran around with girls older than himself, and laughed at them when they started to lecture him, or warn him about getting into serious trouble.

Abe soon was beyond their control and they could do nothing with him. They had dreamt of making a professional man of Abe—a doctor, or a lawyer—but now it was too late. Abe was gambling, immoral with girls, and demanding more money than they could spare. By this time, Abe had found ways, other than honest work, to make money.

At first, Abe acted as a lookout, while his pals broke the law. He then found he could make more money by being a runner for gangsters. When he was arrested for carrying a gun, his youth and good home brought him his chance on probation. Abe, refusing to quit his easy way of living, didn't last long on probation. Returned to the Court as a violator, he was sentenced to a correctional institution.

* * *

Tony was born in the "Little Italy" section of the city. He was the third of six children of peasant Italian parents, who had come to the United States after marriage. They and Tony's older sisters petted and fussed over him. The parents were strict with his older sisters, but not with Tony. The father was a laborer, whose earnings were small. The neighborhood they lived in was not a good one, but the rent was cheap.

Tony was allowed to spend his time on the street after school hours. Tony had things easy. He didn't have to shine shoes, work as a delivery boy, or sell papers to earn money. Tony always had enough spending money and didn't have to count his pennies. Tony's father, who had a

hard life as a boy in Italy, wanted Tony to enjoy himself.

When Tony first began to run around with bad boys, his father scolded. Tony, however, paid little attention, since his father couldn't even read, write, or speak English. Tony felt that he was superior.

Tony and his street pals thought it foolish to work hard for a living.

They already had learned how to make money easily by rolling drunks at night. What could Tony's father tell him about how to live? Didn't Rocco, who ran the gambling joint down the block, have more money and live a lot better? Didn't "Slim", the bookie, make lots of money and have plenty of girl friends? Tony wanted more money, more good times, more girls.

When the chance was given Tony to deliver narcotics to addicts, he grabbed it. It paid well. He thought, what his parents didn't know wouldn't hurt them. His arrest by Federal Agents, while making a delivery, followed. Being a juvenile, he was not locked up, but released to his parents. The Court ordered a careful and thorough study to be made in Tony's case. The Judge sentenced Tony to the Training School for Boys, where he could learn how to be a really good American.

* * *

The stories of Jim, Abe and Tony show how they drifted into crime. Many things added up to their going bad, as they grew to be young men. They themselves also shared the blame for taking the easy way. The first steps along the road to crime seem harmless. The wise thing is not to make the first mistakes.

Do not get the idea that all boys who get into mischief, or start to go bad, wind up as failures.

In the next article of this series in Sparkling Stars we shall look into the lives of three other boys, who started wrong, but faced about and made a success.

THE END

Is Exercise Over-Rated?

Is it possible that millions of people have been taught to over-rate physical fitness? Any such idea would cause angry protests on the part of innumerable school boys and adults who worship sports.

Yet, a great authority recently declared, that there is no real evidence that unusual physical fitness imparts immunity or resistance to disease. This authority is Dr. Robert C. Darling, Associate Professor of Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

In other words, he doubted that more than a moderate degree of physical fitness has anything to do with increasing one's health or prolonging one's life. While Prof. Darling agreed that a lot of physical training enables one to perform greater feats of strength, he added that not many people needed such greater strength in their usual work or play.

It is a curious fact that quite a few famous athletes have not enjoyed consistent good health, and many athletes have not lived as long as average persons.

The famous President of Harvard University, Charles W. Eliot, who was very active all of his life and who attained the age of 92, was once asked to what he attributed his long life. He replied, "I never ran when I could walk; I never walked when I could stand; and I never stood when I could sit down."

Chauncey M. Depew, railroad president and famous after-dinner speaker, was once asked what form of exercise he took. His reply was: "Acting as active pall bearer for my dead friends who used to exercise all the time." Mr. Depew lived till he was 94 years of age.

No doubt the remarks of famous men regarding physical exercise will hardly influence the millions who believe in the great benefits of physical fitness, but such remarks may provide a little food for thought or fuel for controversy.

THE END

UNCLE BUNKLE

IN
ADVENTURES ON "STRANGE ISLAND"



GOSH, UNCLE BUNKLE, AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL, SIR, AFTER I RESCUED SINGLE HANDED THE WHALE CREW OF MY SHIP --

BUNKLE! TIME TO TAKE YOUR LIVER PILLS AND YOUR BACK-ACHE MEDICINE!

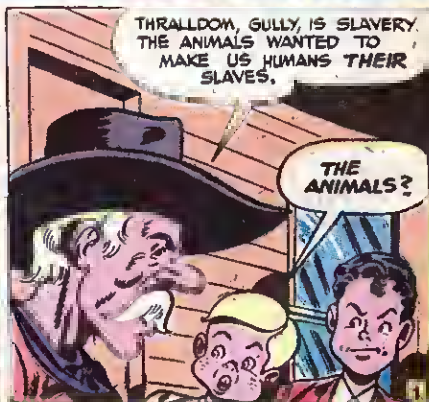
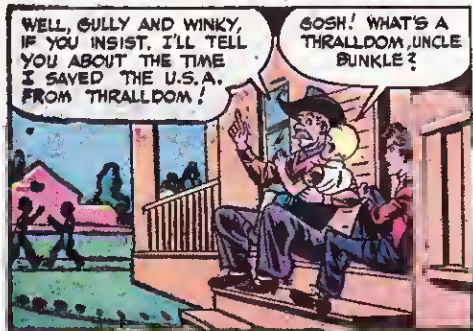
WINKY AND GULLY HAVE PERSUADED THEIR UNCLE BUNKLE TO TELL THEM ANOTHER THRILLING TALE OF HIS HEROIC, ADVENTUROUS YOUTH.

WELL, GULLY AND WINKY, IF YOU INSIST, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I SAVED THE U.S.A. FROM THRALLDOM!

GOSH! WHAT'S A THRALLDOM, UNCLE BUNKLE?

THRALLDOM, GULLY, IS SLAVERY. THE ANIMALS WANTED TO MAKE US HUMANS THEIR SLAVES.

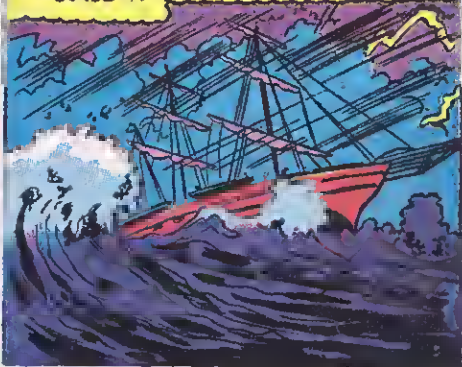
THE ANIMALS?



YES-SIR, THE ANIMALS, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR UNCLE BUNKLE, THERE MIGHT'VE BEEN A WOODCHUCK IN THE WHITE HOUSE TODAY INSTEAD OF A GREAT STATESMAN... WELL-SIR, IT ALL BEGAN IN THE YEAR 1865.



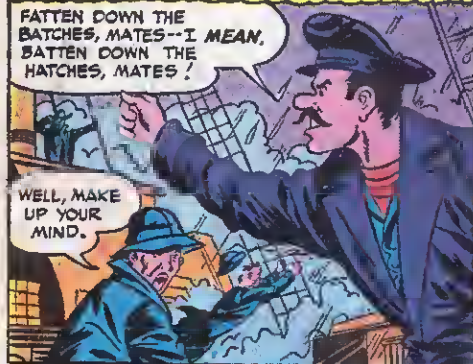
I WAS SKIPPER OF A WHALING SHIP OUT OF NEW BEDFORD, AND A TYPHOON--SPAWNED NOR'EASTER HAD BLOWN US WAY OFF OUR COURSE...



AND IT WAS MY COOL HEAD IN THE FACE OF THE GREAT DANGER THAT SAVED THE S.S. BETTY GRABLE FROM CAPSIZING...

FATTEN DOWN THE BATCHES, MATES--I MEAN, BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, MATES!

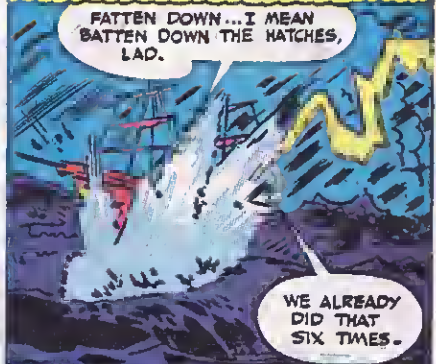
WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND.



SOMEHOW, THOUGH IN SPITE OF MY STERLING SEAMANSHIP, THE WAVES FINALLY HUNG US UP ON A TREACHEROUS CORAL REEF.

FATTEN DOWN...I MEAN BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, LAD.

WE ALREADY DID THAT SIX TIMES.

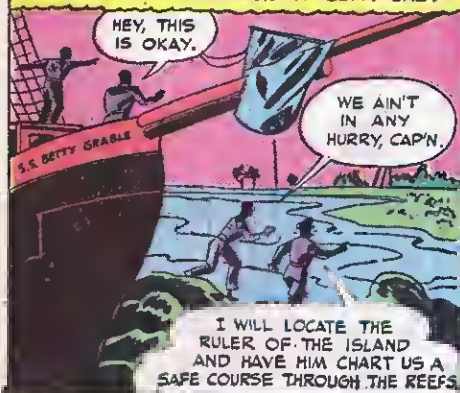


AND THERE WE WERE STRANDED ON THE MYSTERIOUS TROPICAL ISLAND OF BETTY BALI.

HEY, THIS IS OKAY.

WE AIN'T IN ANY HURRY, CAP'N.

I WILL LOCATE THE RULER OF THE ISLAND AND HAVE HIM CHART US A SAFE COURSE THROUGH THE REEFS.



BUT AS WE WORKED OUR WAY INLAND, WE WERE DESTINED TO WITNESS A VERY STRANGE SIGHT...

WHAT TH...?

HUH?

WELL!



AND AS WE CREPT CLOSER...

WALK ALONG NICE NOW, YOUNG MAN. DON'T PULL ON THE LEASH.

I WANT ANOTHER PUPPY BISCUIT!



A (GULP) TALKING LION! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

WELL!

MY CREW PANICKED AND RAN, BUT I, WHO NEVER KNEW THE MEANING OF FEAR, STEPPED BOLDLY FORWARD...

I SAY, MY GOOD MAN... I MEAN MY GOOD LION... YOU CAN'T MAKE A PET OF A HUMAN BEING LIKE THAT!



OH, I CAN'T EH?

HEY, GANG! HERE'S ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE FIFTH RACE THIS AFTERNOON!

OH, FINE CHIEF.

WELL!



THE ANIMALS IN THE GRANDSTAND WATCH THE MONKEYS RIDING BUNKLE AND THE MEN RACING AGAINST HIM.

YAY!

I'LL LASH YOU, BUNKLE, IF YOU DON'T SPEED UP!



PANT! PANT!

WE WIN! VERY NICE! VERY NICE GOING!



AND NEXT DAY...

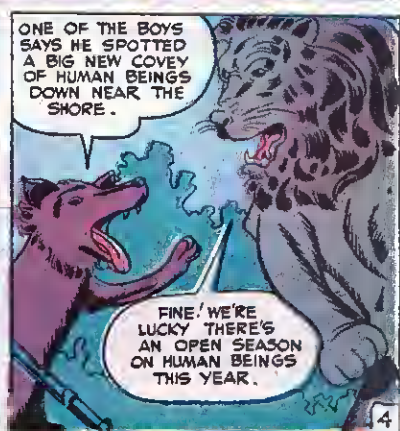
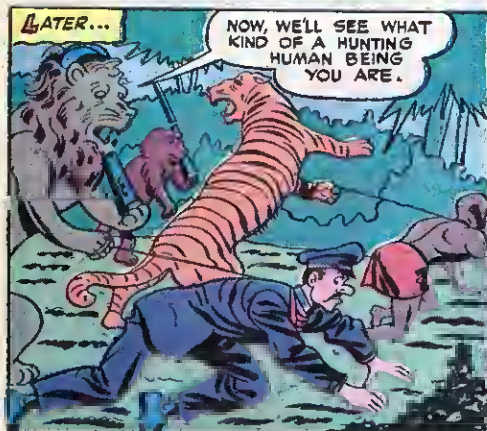
BOY, ARE YOU LUCKY BECAUSE YOU WON THE BIG RACE YESTERDAY! THE CHIEF IS GOING TO MAKE YOU HIS FAVORITE PET.

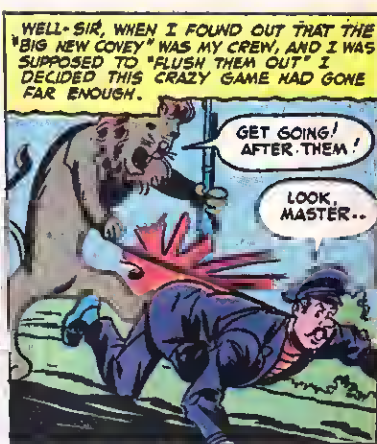
IS THAT GOOD?



BEAR BALBOA

WILDEST LION





A FEW OF THE ANIMALS, THOUGH, RESUMED THEIR DAILY ROUTINES THE NEXT DAY...

OKAY, NOW I'LL TOSS IN A LIVE MAN AND WE'LL BET ON WHETHER YOU SHARKS CAN DIVE AND FIND IT.

CRIPES, CAP'N, LOOKIT!

OKAY!

AND LATER, AS WE CREPT INLAND...

GIDDY-AP!

WHEN WE FINALLY GOT BACK TO OUR SHIP, WE FOUND THE ANIMALS BOSSING IT!

I FOUND THEIR MAPS! WE WILL SAIL AT ONCE, INVADE THE U.S.A. AND MAKE SLAVES OF MEN THE SAME WAY HUMANS USED TO MAKE OF ANIMALS.

DID YOU HEAR THAT, CAP'N?

YOUR UNCLE BUNKLE HEARD IT ALL RIGHT-- AND ACTED ON IT!

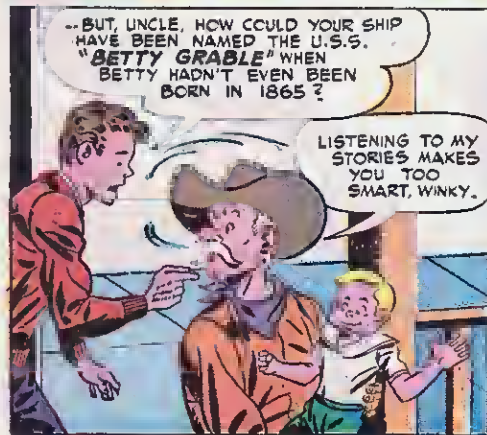
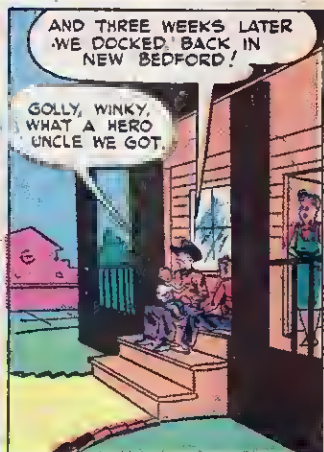
YOU SAILORS LAY LOW UNTIL I SIGNAL YOU!

BUT WHAT?!!

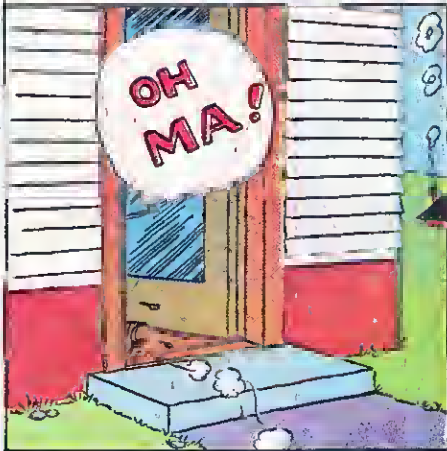
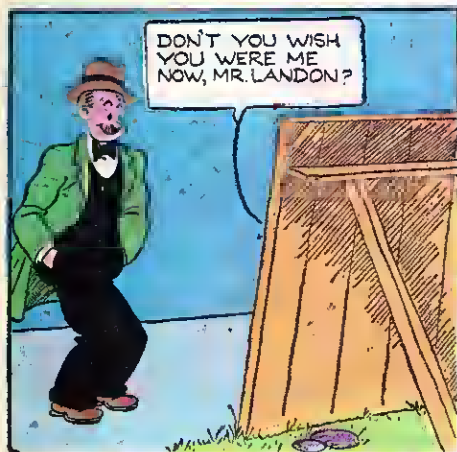
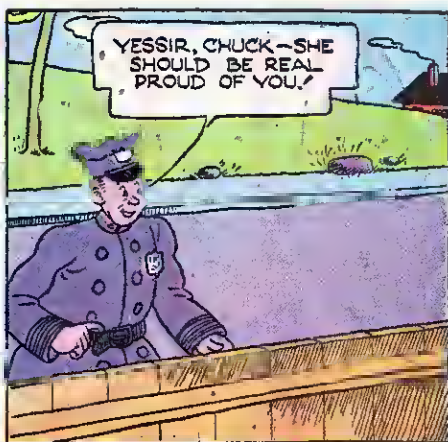
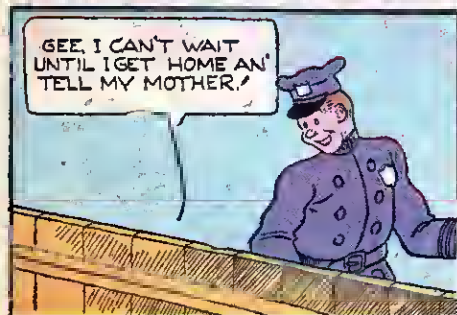
LUCKY I HAPPENED TO HAVE A CAKE OF SOAP IN MY POCKET.

--BECAUSE IF MY IDEA WORKS, THIS LITTLE CAKE OF SOAP WILL SAVE THE U.S.A. FROM INVASION.

S
BETTY
NABLE



CHUCK



ALI-BABA

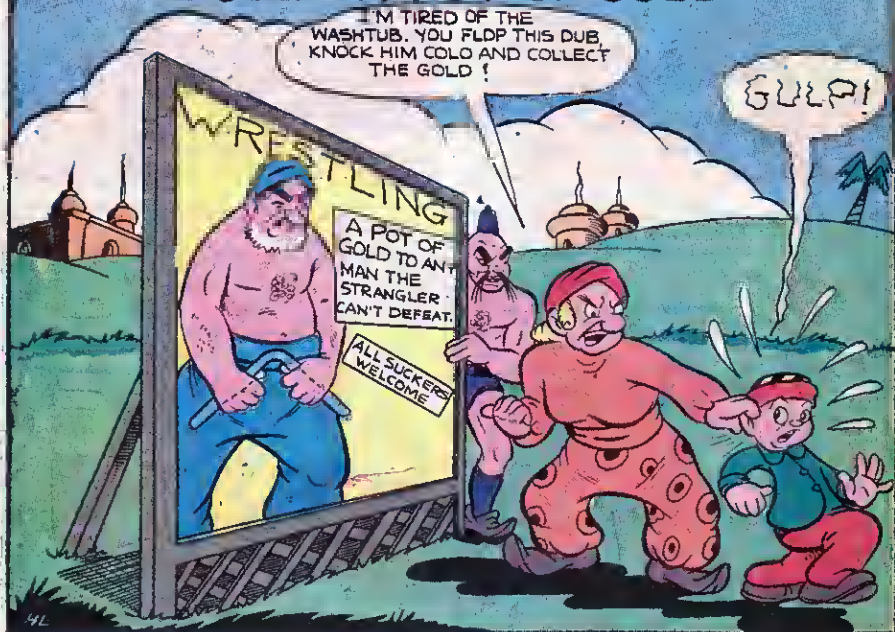
"LOSES A POT OF GOLD"

I'M TIRED OF THE
WASHTUB. YOU FLOP THIS DUB,
KNOCK HIM COLO AND COLLECT
THE GOLD!

GULFI!

WRESTLING
A POT OF
GOLD TO ANY
MAN THE
STRANGLER
CAN'T DEFEAT.

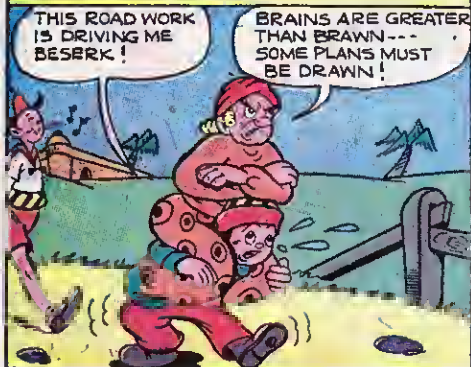
ALL SUCKERS
WELCOME



GRETCH FORCES POOR ALI TO TRAIN FOR
THE FIGHT AGAINST THE STRANGLER.

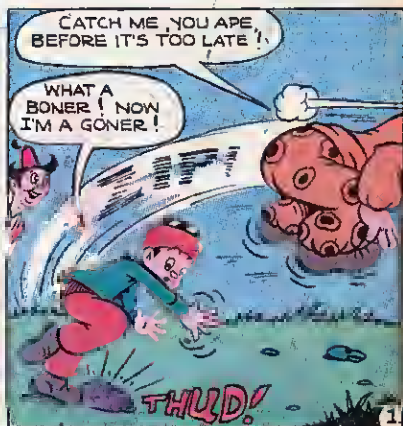
THIS ROAD WORK
IS DRIVING ME
BERSERK!

BRAINS ARE GREATER
THAN BRAVN---
SOME PLANS MUST
BE DRAWN!

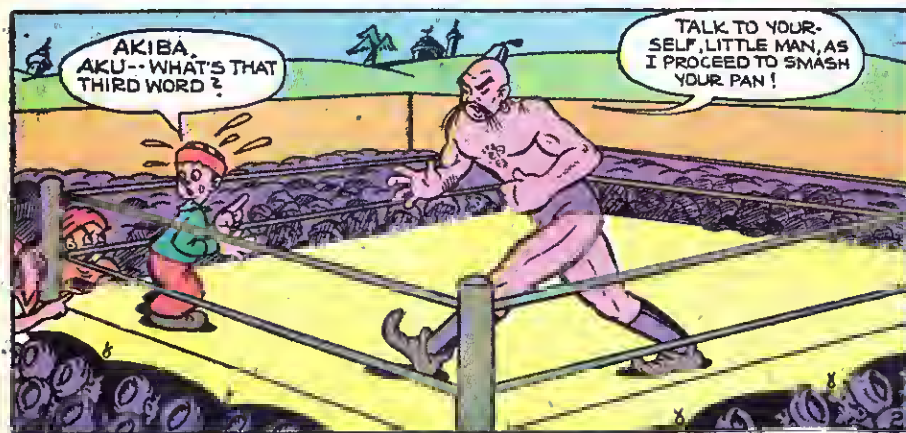
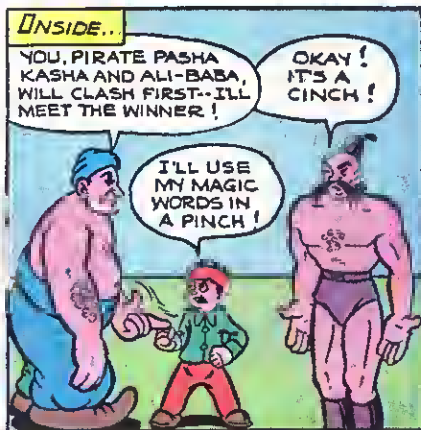
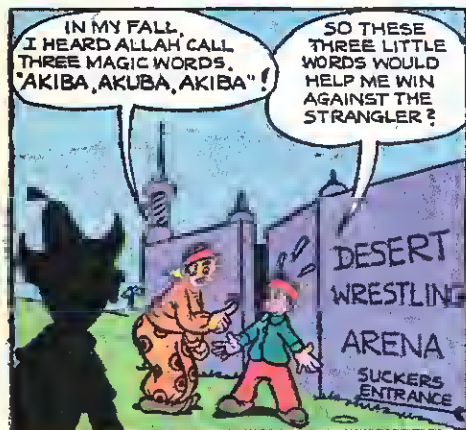
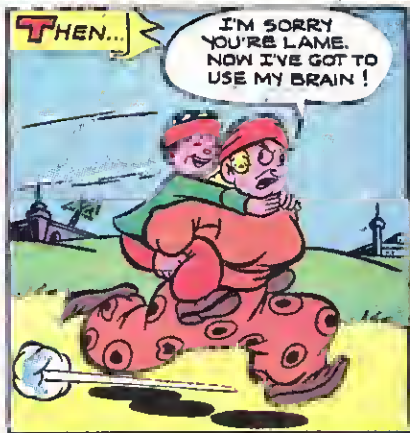


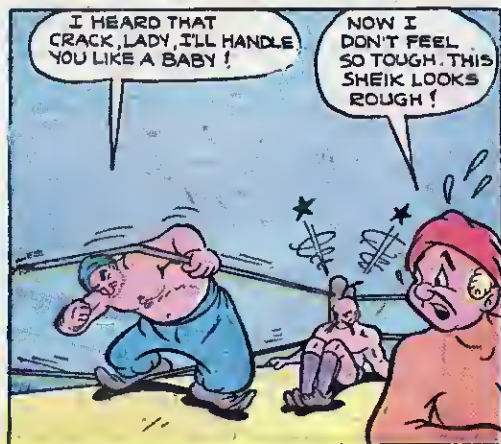
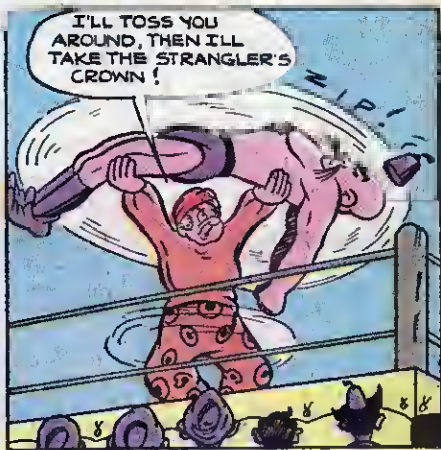
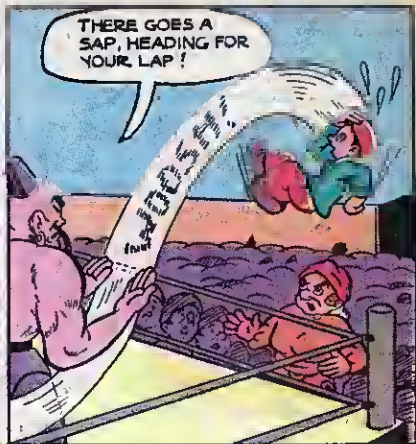
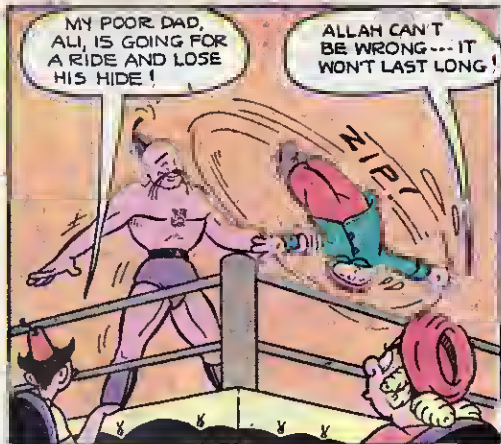
CATCH ME, YOU APE
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WHAT A
BONER! NOW
I'M A GONER!

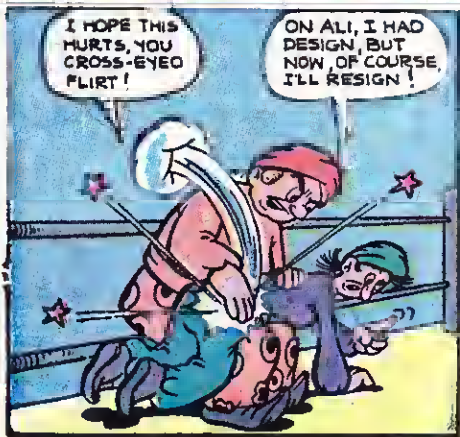
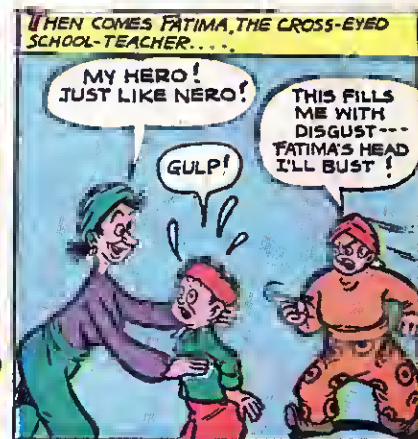
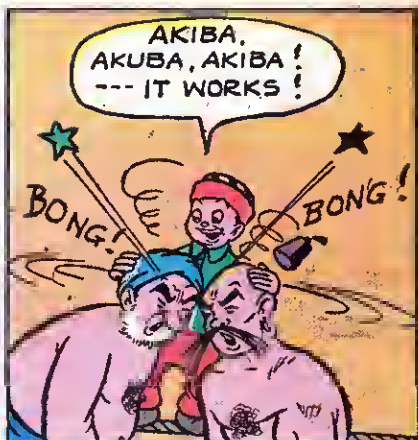
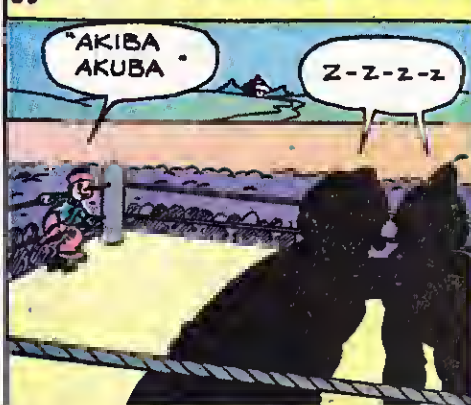


THUD!





AT THIS POINT, ALI ENTERS THE RING...



AT THE SULTAN PALACE GROUNDS...

I'VE WON!
I'M HEALTHY AND
YOU'RE WEALTHY!

AND
YOU'VE A JOB
AS CAPTAIN OF
THE SULTAN'S
GUARDS.

I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, OH BLISS!

ALI IS
IRRESISTIBLE
IN A UNIFORM!

THESE HAREM
GIRLS HAVE CHARM
BUT FOR ME, IT ALL
MEANS HARM!

8022-2

BU 22-3.3

YOU'RE THE
SULTAN'S FAVORITE
WIFE. FATIMA HERE WOULD
LIKE A TASTE OF YOUR
LIFE!

OOOWW!
GOLD!

YOU TAKE THE
GOLD AND DISAPPEAR,
SO PATIMA CAN TAKE
YOUR PLACE!

I'LL BE THE
SULTAN'S WIFE
WOO ! WOO !
ME FOR THE
HAREM LIFE !

FATIMA GIVES ME
THE SNUB--THAT'S
QUITE A RUB!

I'LL MAKE THE
SULTAN SORE....
THEN ALI WILL HAVE
A JOB NO MORE.

AH, MY
GORGEOUS CHICKADEE,
YOU'RE THE FAVORITE
ONE FOR ME!

IF I
MAY BE
SO BOLD
MAY I
DRINK
SOMETHING
COLD?

MEANWHILE, IN THE SULTAN'S KITCHEN.....

A LITTLE GARLIC
NOW AND THEN IS NEVER
RELISHED BY ROMANTIC MEN.



FAVORITE WIFE, I
CANNOT GLOAT-- TO
ME, YOU SMELL JUST LIKE
A GOAT!

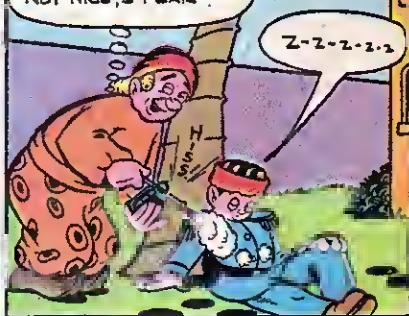
OH SULTAN,
YOU'RE SO CRUEL!
I THINK I SMELL
LIKE A MULE!



AND AS ALI RESTS AT HIS POST..

THIS ISN'T
PERFUME, MY DEAR!
YOU'LL SMELL, BUT
NOT NICE, I FEAR!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



THIS UGLY WOMAN IS
NOT MY WIFE, AND YOU,
CAPTAIN ALI-BABA, YOU BOTH
SMELL ALIKE!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!



SCRAM, YOU MISERABLE
WRECKS, BEFORE I CUT OFF
BOTH YOUR NECKS!



BACK
HOME...

FAME IS FLEET-
ING, I'M A FLOP! BACK
TO OITCH-OIGGING, I
MUST HOP!

I HAVE TO
TAKE IN WASH-
ING AGAIN FOR
I GAVE UP GOLD,
BUT I'M NOT SAO.
ALI IS STILL MY
MAN, I'M VERY
GLAD!



THE END... (7)

UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

At the age of 56, Maurice Podoloff, who has been associated with sports promotions for several decades, is the guiding genius behind two of the fastest sports - - hockey and basketball. Podoloff is the President of both the American Hockey Association and the new Basketball Association of America.

The plump sportsman built the New Haven arena and brought the first pro hockey team to that city. Shortly thereafter, he was elected president of the Canadian-American League.

When pro basketball began to become popular and a new league was formed, he was the unanimous choice for the top spot in the organization.



PODOLOFF



The new commissioner of Pro Football, BERT BELL, has devoted more than 30 of his 52 years to the sport.

Interrupted by a soldiering stint in World War I, Bell returned to his quarter-back post at Penn to confuse opponents and thrill the nation with the hidden ball offensive.

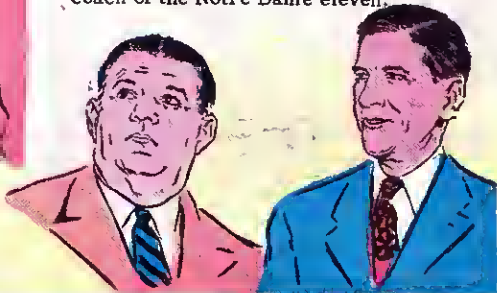
The 145-pound back turned to a coaching career after graduation, first at Penn and later at Temple.

In 1932, Bell became owner of the Philadelphia Eagles and 13 years later was the unanimous choice for the commissioner's job.

Mr. Bell is drawn here with ELMER LAYDEN, the former commissioner and coach of the Notre Dame eleven.



BELL





OUT OF THE BROODING FASTNESSES OF THE JUNGLE, TWO SCHEMERS GLOAT CRUELLY. ONE IS JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON, FORMER STAND-IN FOR PHIL GANT, POPULAR STAR OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS "JUNGOL" MOVIES. MALON COVETS GANT'S PROFITABLE MOVIE ROLE AND ALSO GANT'S LOVELY FIANCEE, GLORIA DEAN. THE OTHER SCHEMER IS PRINCESS SADDRI, RUTHLESS YET BEAUTIFUL RULER OF A SAVAGE JUNGLE KINGDOM.

BOTH MALON AND PRINCESS SADDRI KNOW GANT'S TERRIBLE SECRET—THAT WHILE ON LOCATION FOR A "JUNGOL" MOVIE, GANT FOUGHT A LONG AND BLOODY BATTLE WITH A MAN-EATING GORILLA, AND THAT EVER SINCE, THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF HIS OWN SPILLED BLOOD HAS THREATENED TO TURN GANT INTO A REAL-LIFE JUNGOL, WITH THE SUPER STRENGTH OF A SAVAGE MAN-BEAST!

PHIL AND GLORIA PLAN THEIR FUTURE TOO SOON!



JUST THINK—IN FOUR WEEKS WE'LL BE BACK IN THE U. S. AND I'LL BE MRS. PHIL GANT—

OH!

YES, DARL—!



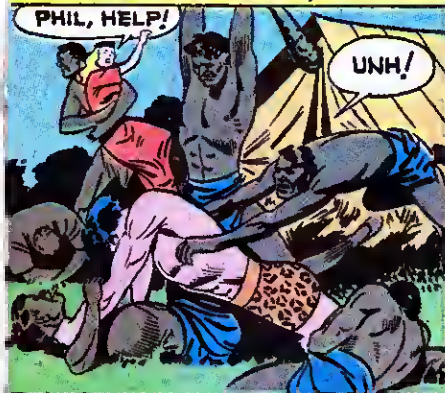
WELL, IF YOU CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I GET UP—!

UHH!

BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY BRUTES FOR PHIL TO TAKE ON SINGLE-HANDED!

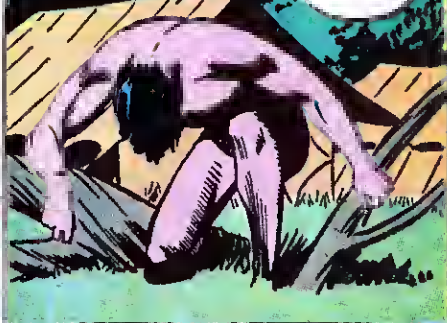
PHIL, HELP!

UNH!



GOT TO-- SAVE
GLORIA-- SOMEHOW!

PHIL!
PHIL!
HELP!



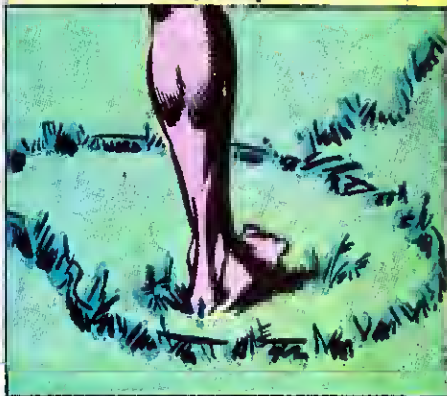
JUST
GOT
TO!

PLEASE
DON'T!

UNH!



BUT STUNNED, GANT IS HEEDLESS WHERE
HE STEPS!



AND
SUDDENLY!

WHAT
TH'!



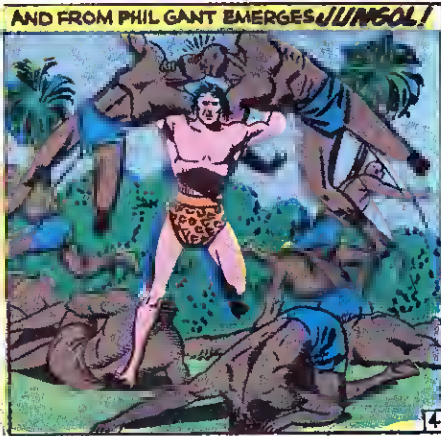
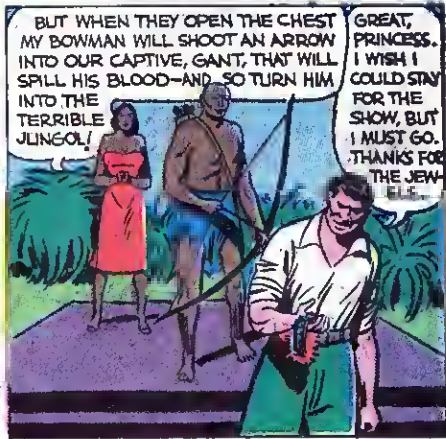
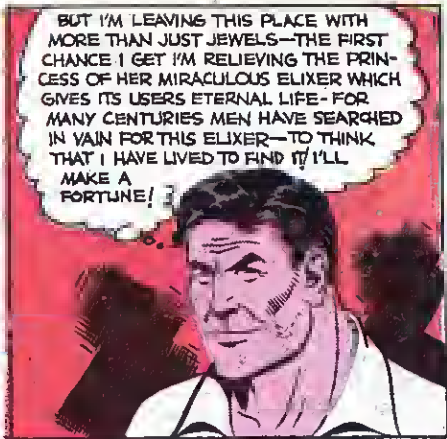
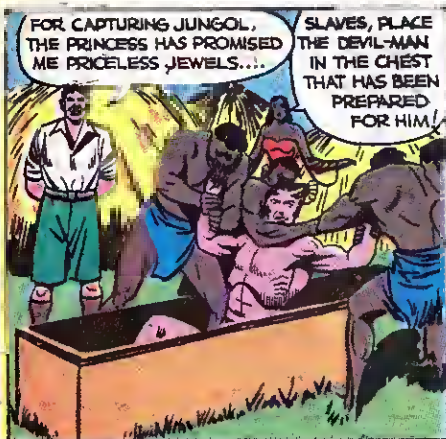
OH-HO-HO! YOU
KNOW, GANT, YOU
LOOK VERY FUNNY!

MALON!
YOU
AGAIN!



AND GANT SEES THAT HE IS THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF HIS ENEMY, JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON!





AND MINUTES LATER, AS JUNGOL BROODS OVER THE RAW DEAL HE GOT FROM MALON AND THE PRINCESS....



PRINCESS SADDRI OBSERVES HIM WITH SATISFACTION.

YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, MAN-BEAST! AS MY TOOL YOU HAVE BEATEN UP MY ENEMIES.



SUDDENLY, JUNGOL SPRINGS INTO ACTION, AND, WITH A CRY OF REVENGE, RUSHES TOWARDS THE VILLAGE OF THE PRINCESS!



AS SHE SEES JUNGOL APPROACH HER VILLAGE...

JUNGOL IS COMING! SLAVES, DESTROY HIM WITH YOUR SPEARS!



BUT THE SPEARS DO NOT STOP JUNGOL....

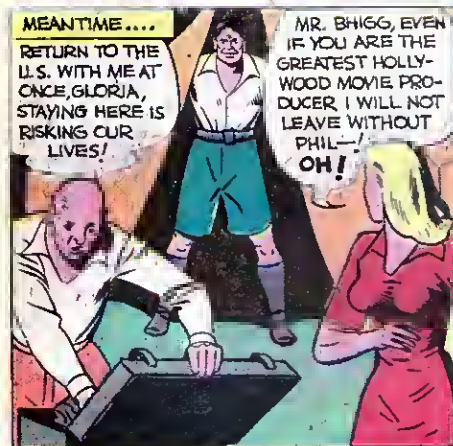


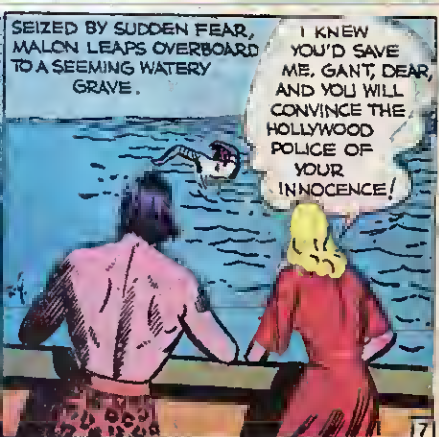
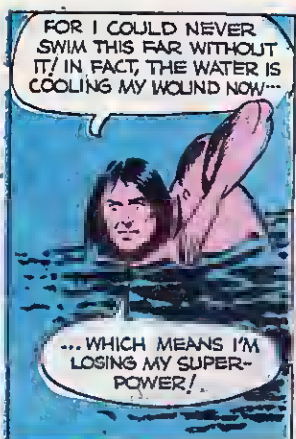
AND THEN FATE DEALS IRONICALLY WITH THE PRINCESS!

STOP HIM!

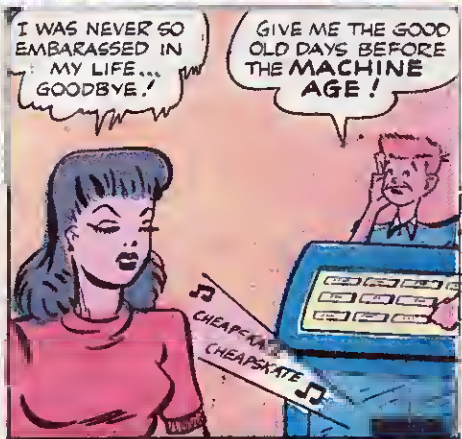
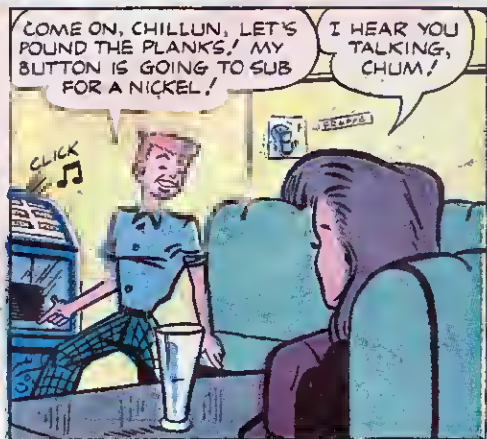
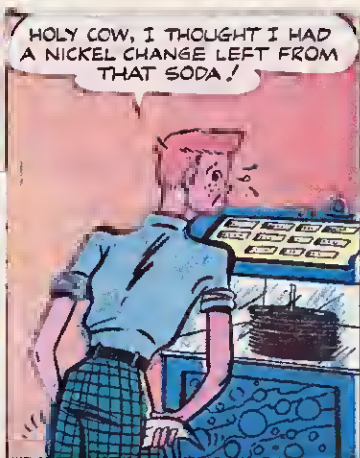
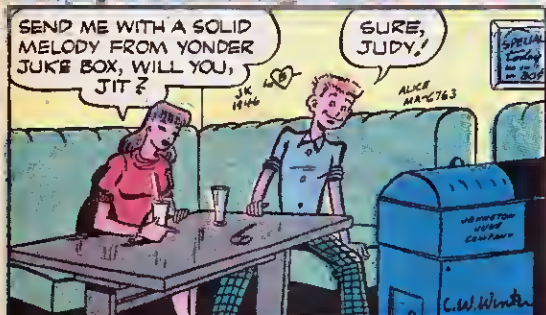
YOUR TOYS ANNOY ME, FOOLS!



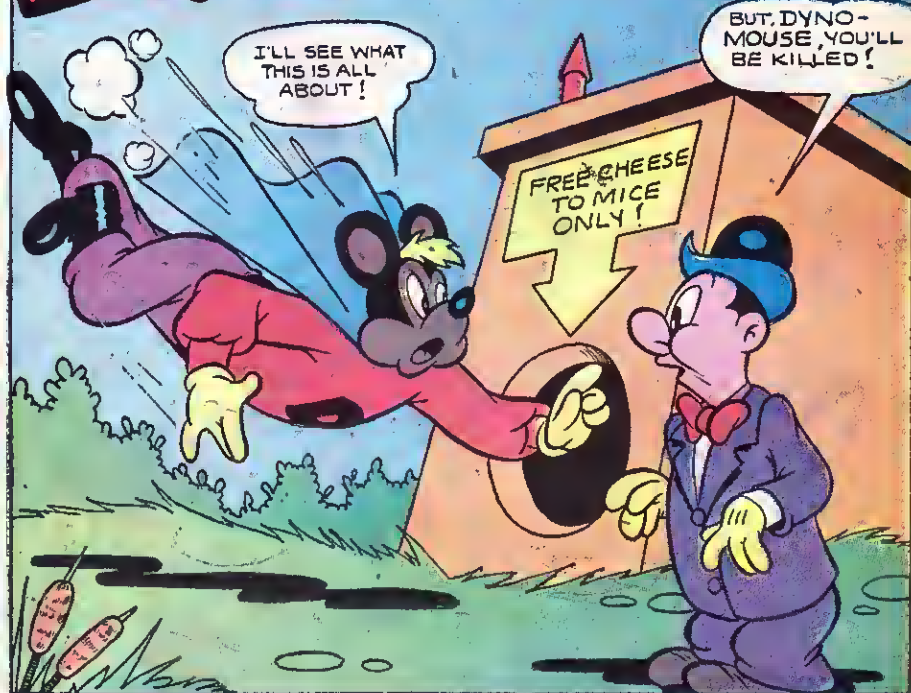




Jit Jones

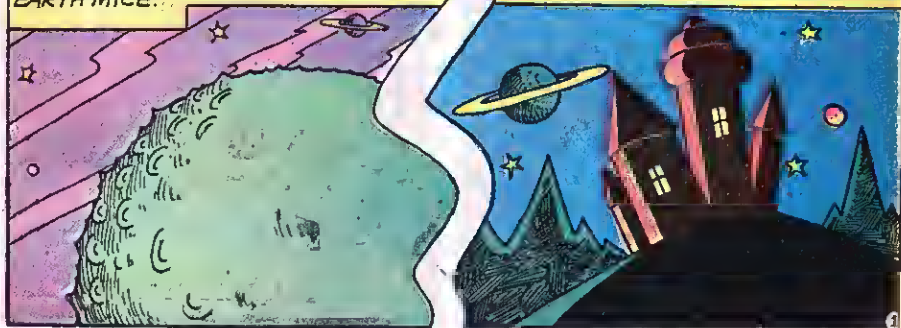


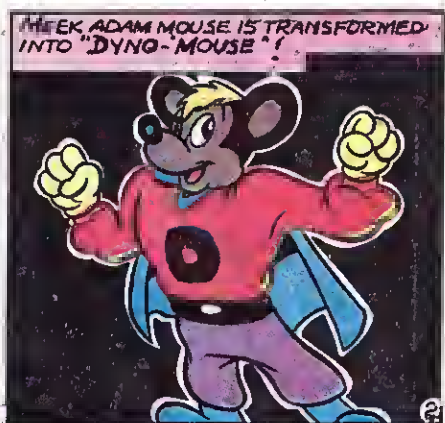
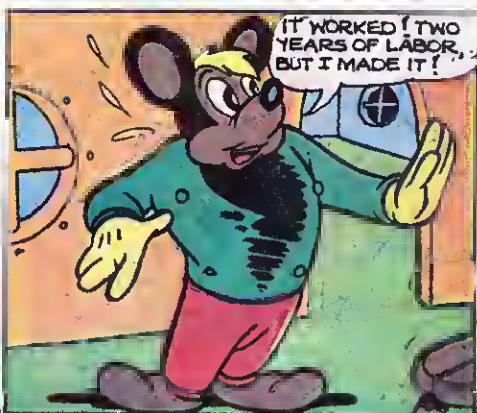
DYNO-MOUSE.



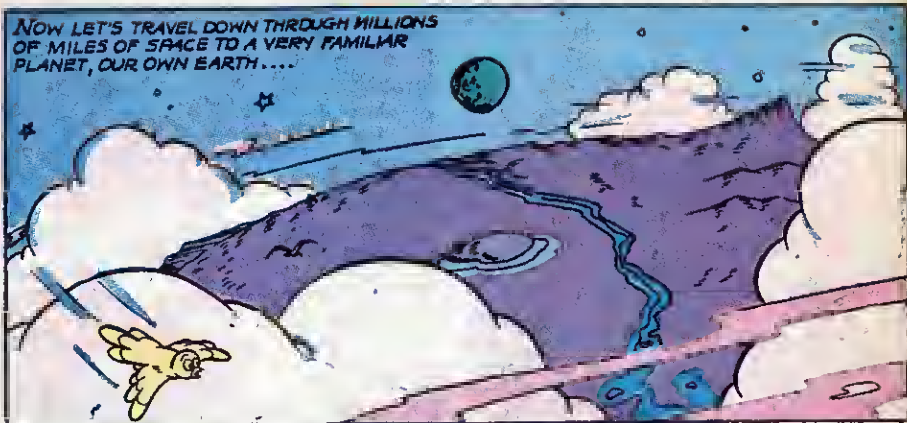
TO INTRODUCE OUR STORY, WE MUST TAKE YOU FAR OUT IN SPACE TO PLANET SQUEEK, WHICH IS INHABITED BY A RACE OF MICE FAR SUPERIOR TO EARTH MICE.

ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTABLE MICE ON SQUEEK IS SCIENTIST ADAM MOUSE, WHO IS WORKING ON A SECRET FORMULA ---

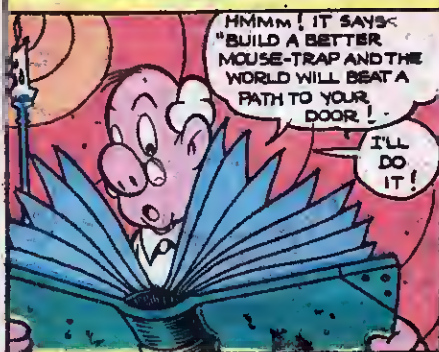




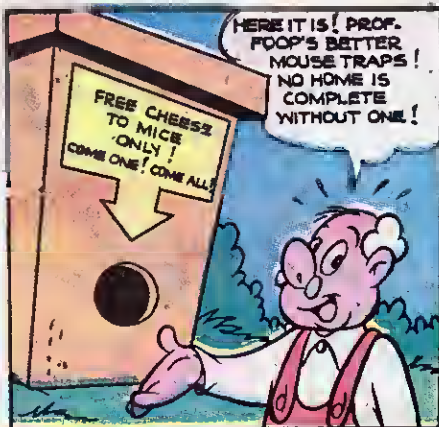
NOW LET'S TRAVEL DOWN THROUGH MILLIONS OF MILES OF SPACE TO A VERY FAMILIAR PLANET, OUR OWN EARTH....



ANOTHER INVENTOR, AN UNSUCCESSFUL ONE, PONDER'S OVER A BOOK!

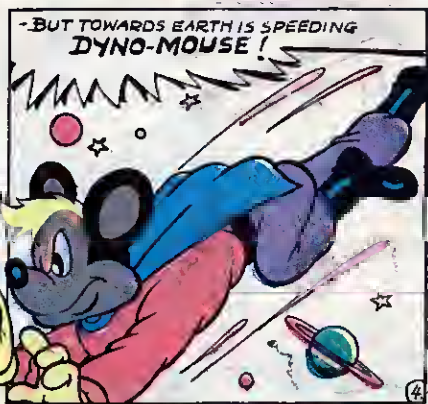
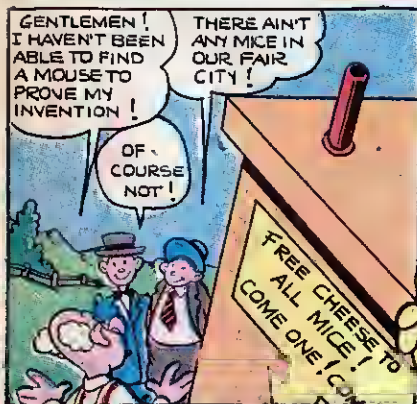
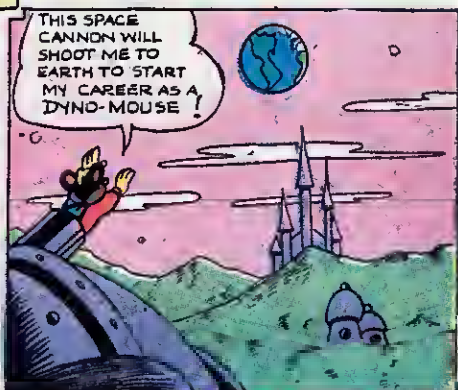
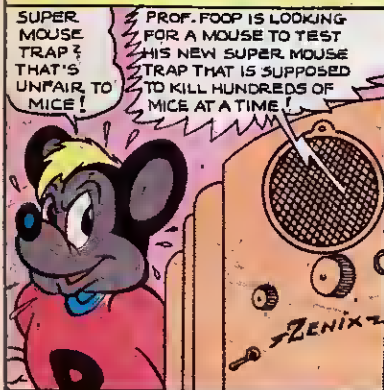
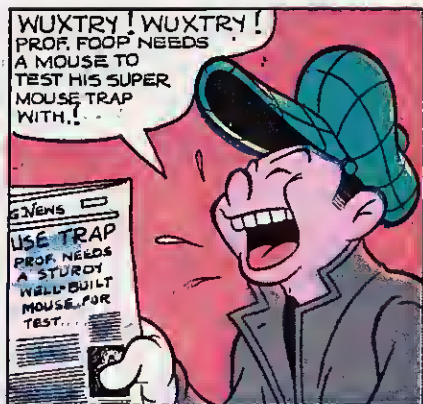


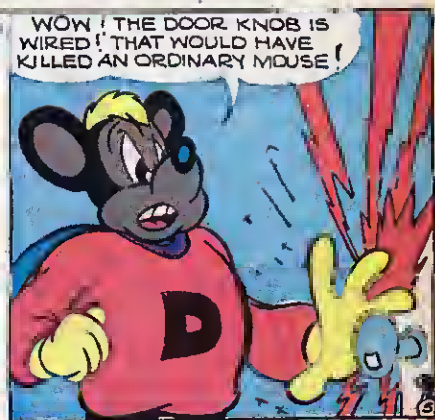
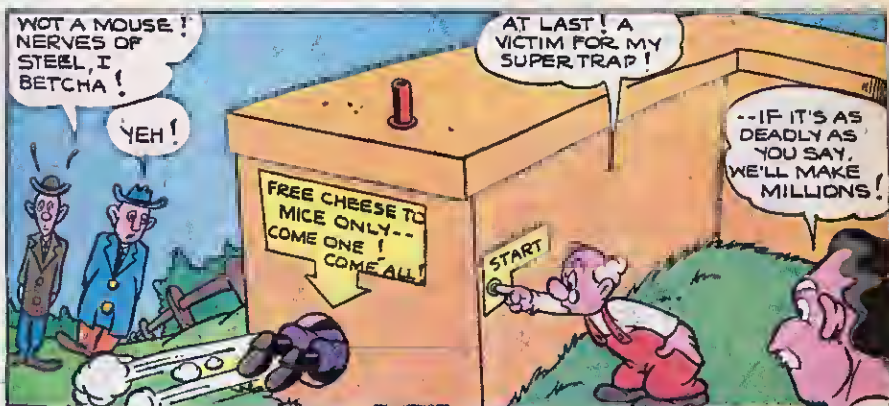
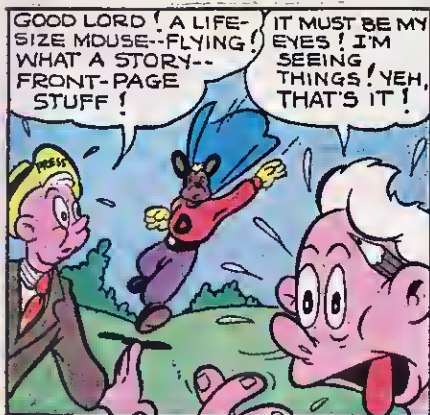
TWO WEEKS LATER.....

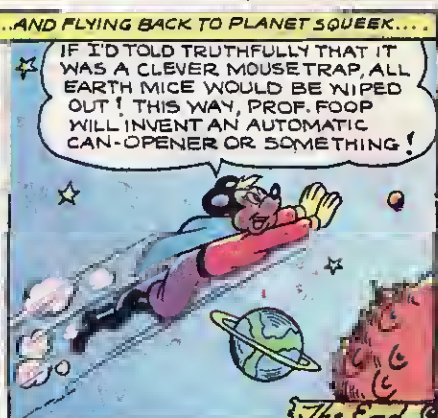
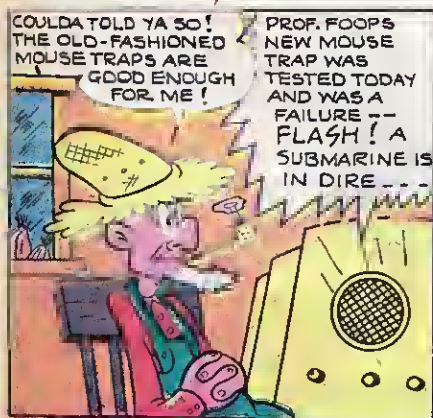




ON PLANET SQUEEK, DYNO-MOUSE HEARS..







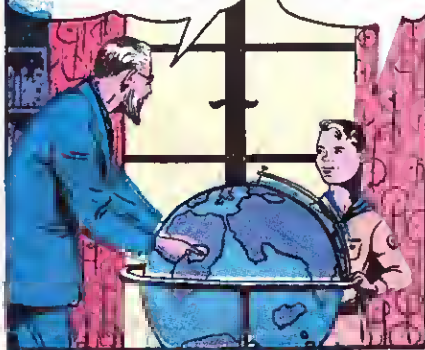
BATTLE OF THE BEASTS



THE GORILLA, THE LARGEST OF THE APES, IS A MEAN, ILL-TEMPERED BEAST, WHOSE LONG, POWERFUL ARMS AND ENORMOUS STRENGTH MAKE HIM A MOST DANGEROUS ADVERSARY.

IT IS HERE, BOB, THAT WE CAUGHT "MACIMBO" AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

PLEASE, TELL ME HOW IT HAPPENED, PROF. TRUE.



IT WAS SHORTLY BEFORE THE WAR, WHEN I WENT TO THE CONGO TO STUDY THE PRIMATES. WE HAD HARDLY FINISHED SETTING UP OUR CAMP, WHEN ---

A BABY GORILLA? HE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS OLD. WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?

HE WAS LOST ON EDGE OF FOREST OVER THERE, MASSA.



--- WE MADE UP OUR MINDS TO NET THE BABY'S MOTHER, USING THE LITTLE ONE AS BAIT ---



--TELLING THE NATIVES TO SPREAD OUT AND TO KEEP THE NET HANDY, I HID BEHIND A BUSH --- **SUDDENLY--**



--RUSHING INTO THE FOREST, I SOON CAME UPON A HORRIBLE SCENE---



--ALTHOUGH I HAD WANTED TO TAKE THE GORILLA ALIVE, I HAD TO KILL HIM TO SAVE THE MAN. UNFORTUNATELY THE MAN WAS SO BADLY MANGLED HE DIED A FEW HOURS LATER ---

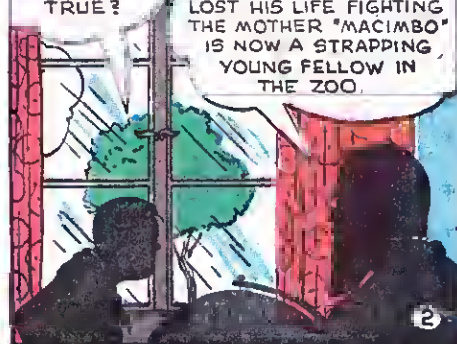


--- SOME WEEKS LATER, AFTER A FIERCE STRUGGLE, WE WERE ABLE TO NET A GORILLA. WE CALLED HIM 'MACIMBO' - HE DIED ON THE WAY HOME -



BUT, WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE ONE, PROF. TRUE?

HE IS NOW 'MACIMBO' WE NAMED HIM AFTER THE NATIVE WHO FOUND HIM AND LATER LOST HIS LIFE FIGHTING THE MOTHER 'MACIMBO' IS NOW A STRAPPING YOUNG FELLOW IN THE ZOO.



UNUSUAL SPORT STAR

CHAMPION — DESPITE BROKEN LIMB

WHEN CHARLES "GABBY" HARTNETT'S THROWING ARM WAS BROKEN, DOCTORS SAID HE WOULD NEVER USE IT AGAIN. YET, YEARS LATER, HE BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST CATCHERS BASEBALL HAS EVER KNOWN!

HUDSON

GET IT, CHARLEY!

IT'S ALL MINE!

LET ME CATCH IT, CHARLEY!

LET ME GO!

OWWWW!

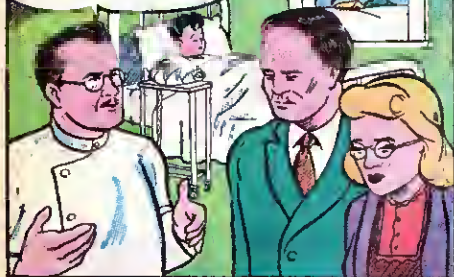
SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

LATER

ONE OF THE WORST FRACTURES I'VE EVER SEEN! THERE'S LITTLE HOPE THE ARM WILL EVER BE OF ANY USE AGAIN!

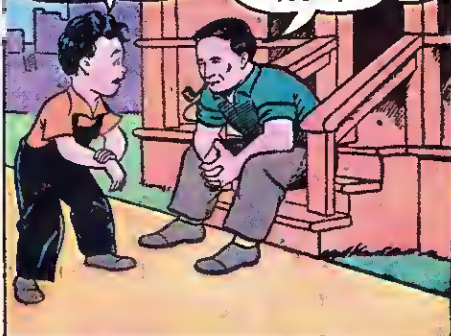
AND HE WAS SET ON BEING A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER!



MONTHS PASS...

IT'S HEALED OKAY, DAD, BUT I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN IT!

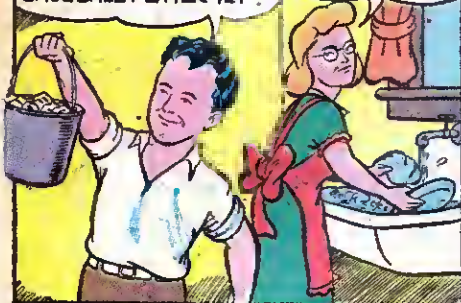
ONLY TIME AND PATIENCE AND PLENTY OF EXERCISE WILL STRAIGHTEN IT, SON!



SIX YEARS PASS...

LOOK, MOTHER, MY ARM IS STRAIGHT NOW! WHEN I SET THE PAIL DOWN, I CAN HOLD IT STRAIGHT OUT! I'LL BE A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYER YET!

OF COURSE YOU WILL! CARRYING THAT WEIGHT HAS STRAIGHTENED YOUR MUSCLES!



TWO YEARS LATER, WHEN HARTNETT WAS 16, HIS DREAM WAS FULFILLED.

THAT HARTNETT KID SURE WAS A GOOD CHOICE FOR THIS EXHIBITION!



IN 1920, WHILE HARTNETT WAS PLAYING MINOR-LEAGUE BALL, A YANKEE SCOUT SPOTS HIM...

THAT KID HARTNETT'S GOT EVERYTHING A CATCHER SHOULD HAVE! I WANT HIM FOR THE YANKS!



BUT A NEW OBJECTION AROSE...

SORRY, KID, MCGRAW SAYS YOUR HANDS ARE TOO SMALL, THEY'D NEVER STAND THE GAFF OF BIG-LEAGUE BALL!



HOWEVER, IN 1925, HARTNETT WAS CALLED UP BY THE CHICAGO CUBS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

GABBY, ALEXANDER HERE INSISTS THAT YOU CATCH FOR HIM!

YES SIR! BUT--WELL-- THIS IS THE SEASON'S OPENER!

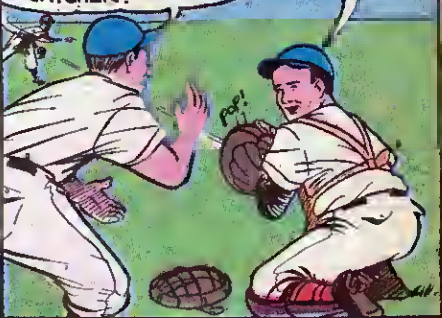
NO BETTER TIME FOR A ROOKIE TO START HIS MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER!



IN 1924, HIS SECOND YEAR IN THE MAJORS...

GREAT NEWS, GABBY! YOU'VE JUST BEEN SELECTED ALL-NATIONAL LEAGUE CATCHER!

BOY, WILL THIS MAKE THE FOLKS HAPPY!



THIRTEEN YEARS LATER.....

FOR THE FIFTH YEAR, "GABBY" HARTNETT WILL CATCH FOR THE NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STARS!

THIRTY SEVEN, AND STILL GOING LIKE A HOUSE AFIRE!

HIS 17TH SEASON WITH THE CUBS-- WHAT A RECORD!



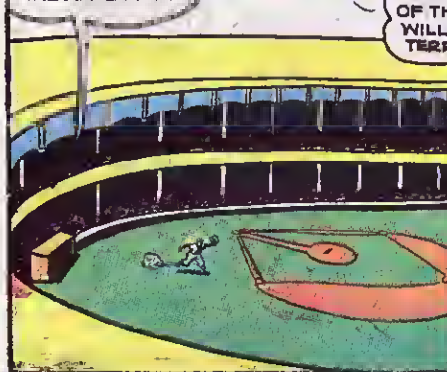
HARTNETT'S KEEN EYESIGHT WAS ONE OF HIS GREATEST ASSETS. IN THE LATE 1920'S, AS A STUNT...

800 FEET! HE'LL NEVER SEE IT COMING!



GABBY'LL GET IT! HE'S GOT EYES LIKE AN EAGLE!

HE MUST HAVE NERVES LIKE IRON, TOO! THE MOMENTUM OF THAT BALL WILL BE TERRIFIC!



IN 1938, HARTNETT REALIZED HIS GREATEST GOAL....

...A VETERAN OF 17 SEASONS WITH THE CUBS, "GABBY" HARTNETT TAKES OVER AS MANAGER! HARTNETT PLAYED FIVE TIMES WITH THE NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STARS; PLAYED IN FOUR WORLD SERIES AND CAUGHT OVER 100 GAMES A SEASON FOR 12 SEASONS, EQUALLING THE WORLD'S RECORD...



MAGIC TRICKS

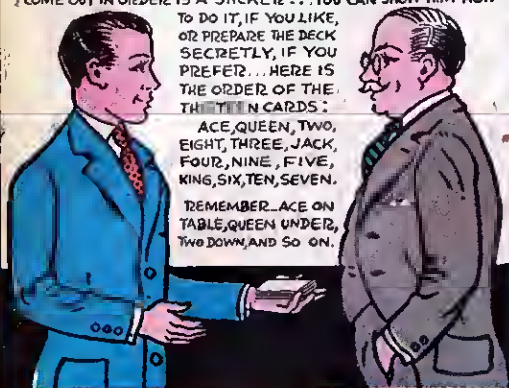
CHALLENGE YOUR FRIENDS TO ARRANGE ANY ONE OF THE SUITS OF THIRTEEN CARDS IN SUCH A WAY THAT, HOLDING THE CARDS FACE DOWN, HE CAN LAY THEM DOWN ONE AT A TIME AS FOLLOWS: TOP CARD ON THE TABLE, FACE UP; NEXT CARD UNDER THE PACK, NEXT CARD ON THE TABLE, NEXT CARD UNDER; NEXT CARD ON THE TABLE, AND SO ON THROUGH THE THIRTEEN CARDS, AND HAVE THE CARDS SHOW UP ON THE TABLE IN THE CORRECT ORDER—ACE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND SO ON.

H E MAY TRY... BUT HE WILL CERTAINLY FAIL! IT IS EASY TO SEE THAT THE TOP CARD MUST BE THE ACE, THE THIRD CARD THE DEUCE, THE FIFTH THE THREE, AND SO ON; BUT HOW TO ARRANGE THE WHOLE THIRTEEN TO HAVE THEM COME OUT IN ORDER IS A STICKER... YOU CAN SHOW HIM HOW

TO DO IT, IF YOU LIKE, OR PREPARE THE DECK SECRETLY, IF YOU PREFER... HERE IS THE ORDER OF THE THIRTEEN CARDS:

ACE, QUEEN, TWO, EIGHT, THREE, JACK, FOUR, NINE, FIVE, KING, SIX, TEN, SEVEN.

REMEMBER... ACE ON TABLE, QUEEN UNDER, TWO DOWN, AND SO ON.



FUN WITH SHADOWGRAPHS. THIS ILLUSTRATION SHOWS HOW SIMPLE A PICTURE OF A BULL-DOG CAN BE CAST UPON A WALL.

PLACE YOUR HANDS, AS SHOWN, IN FRONT OF A LIGHT SO THAT THEY WILL MAKE A SHADOW.



WHAT CAN YOU CREATE?

CUT THE LETTERS IN REVERSE

CUT INITIALS, WORDS OR SIMPLE PICTURES ON THE ENDS OF CORKS AS SHOWN. THEN MAKE AN INK-PAD WITH A SOFT CLOTH.

PRESS THE CORK STAMPS AGAINST THE INK-PAD AND THEN PRINT THE DESIGNS ON A PIECE OF PAPER BY PRESSING ON THE CORKS



FUN



THREE PLAYMATES. SHADE IN THE SECTIONS IN WHICH THERE IS A DOT TO SEE THEM.



A CLEVER TRICK

CCROSS A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER IN THE AIR AND AS IT IS FALLING TO THE FLOOR ASTONISH YOUR FRIENDS BY SNIPPING OFF A PERFECT STRIP WITH YOUR SCISSORS.

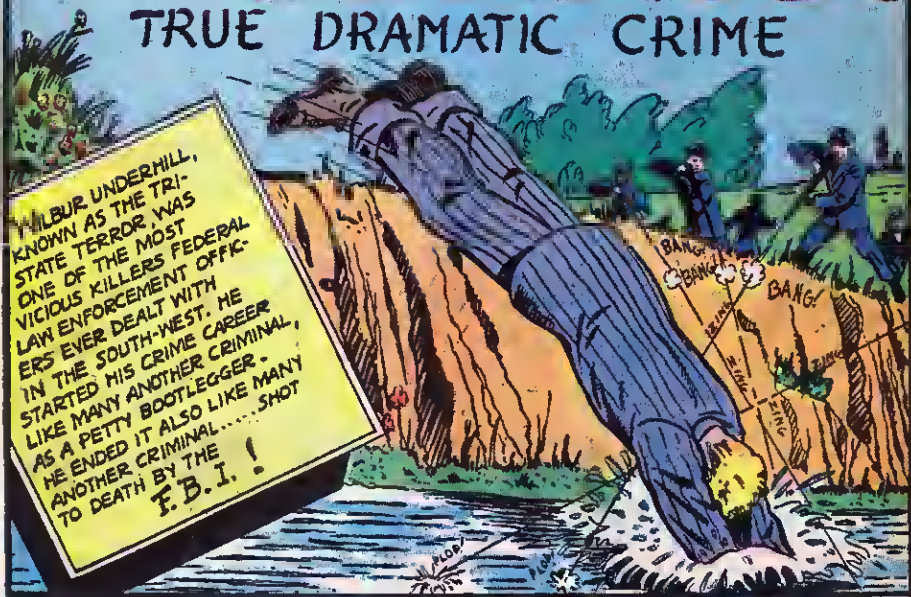
THE SECRET IS PICTURED BELOW. A STRIP IS CUT OFF THE PAPER BEFOREHAND AND IS PLACED BETWEEN THE BLADES OF THE SCISSORS. IT IS RELEASED AS YOU PRETEND TO CUT THE PAPER IN TWO AND



PAPER STRIP

THE TRI-STATE TERROR

TRUE DRAMATIC CRIME



WILBUR UNDERHILL, KNOWN AS THE TRI-STATE TERROR WAS ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS EVER DEALT WITH IN THE SOUTH-WEST. HE STARTED HIS CRIME CAREER LIKE MANY ANOTHER CRIMINAL, AS A PETTY BOOTLEGGER. HE ENDED IT ALSO LIKE MANY ANOTHER CRIMINAL..... SHOT TO DEATH BY THE F.B.I.!

THE STATE PRISON IN OKLAHOMA.....

UNDERHILL, YOU CAN GO. THIS IS THE SECOND TIME WE'VE HAD YOU FOR PETTY LARCENY. I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!

I LEARNED PLENTY, WARDEN. YOU WON'T BE SEEIN' ME AGAIN. SO LONG!



NO MORE SMALL TIME FOR ME! THE WARDEN'D BLOW A GASKET IF HE KNEW I HAD A LETTER TO THE KIMES BROTHERS IN MY POCKET. THEM GUYS ROBBED MORE BANKS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT!



UNDERHILL TEAMED UP WITH THE NOTORIOUS BROTHERS AND SOON HAD SEVERAL BANK ROBBERIES TO HIS CREDIT ON OCT. 17, 1928....

OKAY, GET SET. AND UNDERHILL, LAY OFF THAT ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER OF YOURS!

AW, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

CLAYNEVILLE CITY BANK



ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, REACH! YOU GET THE MONEY OUT OF THAT CAGE AND NO PHONEY MOVES.

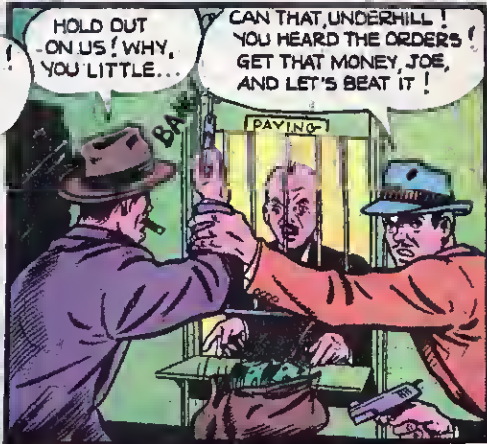
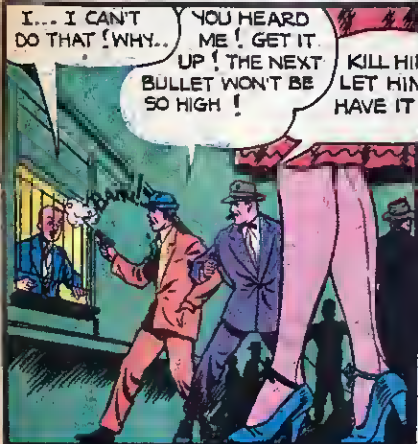
I... I CAN'T DO THAT! WHY...

YOU HEARD ME! GET IT UP! THE NEXT BULLET WON'T BE SO HIGH!

KILL HIM! LET HIM HAVE IT!

HOLD OUT ON US! WHY, YOU LITTLE...

CAN THAT, UNDERHILL! YOU HEARD THE ORDERS! GET THAT MONEY, JOE, AND LET'S BEAT IT!



A LITTLE LATER....

UNDERHILL WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SHOOTING AT THAT CASHIER? YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID IN FRONT OF THE BANK!

THE LITTLE RAT DESERVED TO BE KNOCKED OFF. I SHOULD LET HIM HAVE IT!



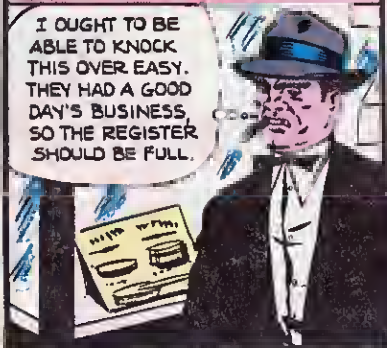
HERE'S YOUR CUT, UNDERHILL. NOW BEAT IT! WE AIN'T TEAMING UP WITH ANY GUY THAT'S MURDER HAPPY. MURDER RAPS AIN'T BECOMING THIS SEASON!

OKAY, WISE GUY. I CAN DO JUST AS WELL ALONE!



SOON OUT OF FUNDS, UNDERHILL
CHOSE AN OKLAHOMA DRUG STORE
FOR HIS FIRST ATTEMPT AS A LONE
WOLF.....

I OUGHT TO BE
ABLE TO KNOCK
THIS OVER EASY.
THEY HAD A GOOD
DAY'S BUSINESS,
SO THE REGISTER
SHOULD BE FULL.



LET'S HAVE WHAT'S
IN THAT REGISTER!
GET MONIN'!

WH...
WHAT...?



UNDERHILL STARTS RECKLESS KILLING....

HERE YOU
ARE, MISTER.
I AIN'T PAID
TO TAKE
RISKS....
AAGHH,
OHKKK!

I AIN'T GONNA
HAVE ANYBODY
AROUND TO
IDENTIFY ME
LATER!

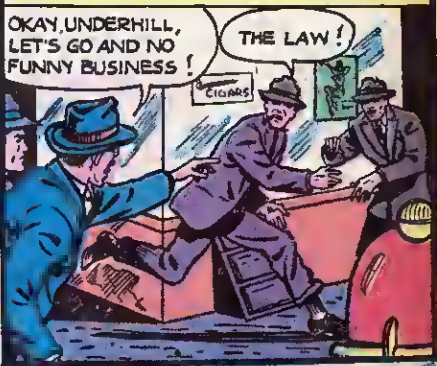
BANG!



LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES FINALLY
TRAILED UNDERHILL TO FICHER, OKLA....

OKAY, UNDERHILL,
LET'S GO AND NO
FUNNY BUSINESS!

THE LAW!



LOOK OUT, BOYS,
HE'S PACKIN'
A GUN!

BANG

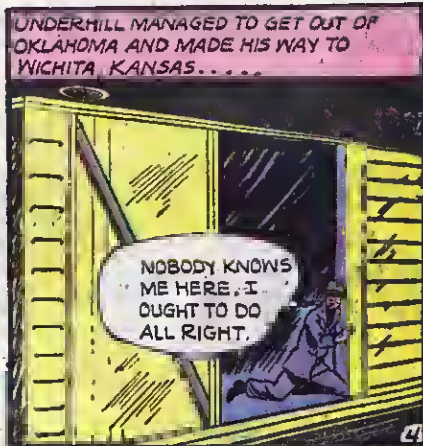
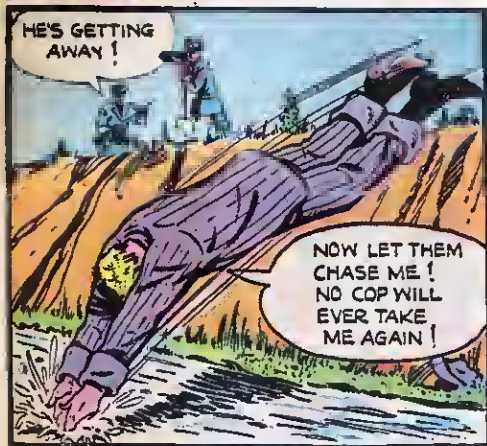
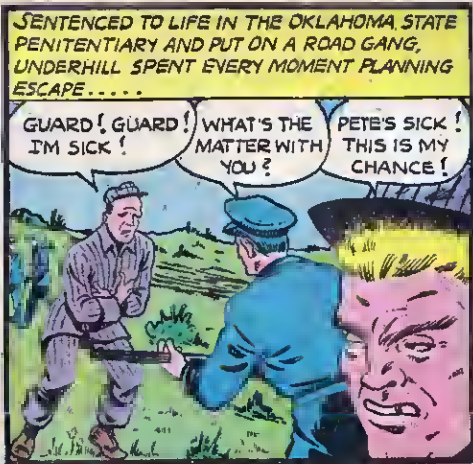
NO
SHERRIFF'S
GONNA TAKE
ME!



HELP!
AIIII!

COME OUT OF THERE,
YOU MURDERING RAT!
BE SURE AND
TAKE HIM ALIVE,
MEN!





IN WICHITA, HE PULLED A SERIES OF LONE STICKUPS AND THROUGH A TIP-OFF, WAS CORNERED BY POLICE....

COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, UNDERHILL. WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED.

WATCH HIM, BOYS, HE'S TRICKY!



OKAY, COPPERS, HERE I AM! GET BACK!

AHHH!

LOOK OUT! DUCK!



I'LL KILL THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU I'LL...

YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE?



SENTENCED TO LIFE AGAIN, THIS TIME IN THE KANSAS STATE PRISON, UNDERHILL ENGINEERED THE CRASH-OUT OF MEMORIAL DAY, 1933, IN WHICH 12 CONVICTS ESCAPED....

WHEN THOSE GATES OPEN, RUN FOR IT AND USE THE TRUCK AS A SHIELD. SOME OF US WILL MAKE IT!

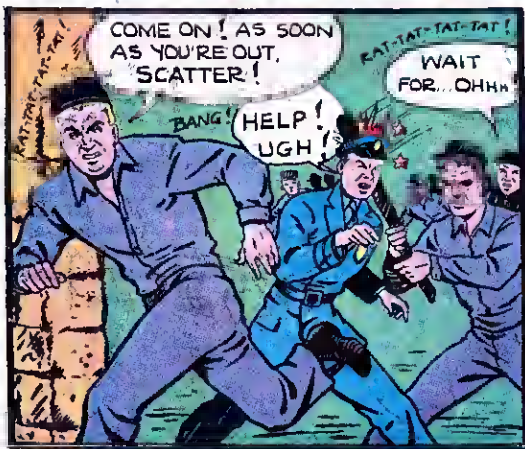


COME ON! AS SOON AS YOU'RE OUT, SCATTER!

KAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

WAIT FOR... OHHH

BANG! HELP! UGH!



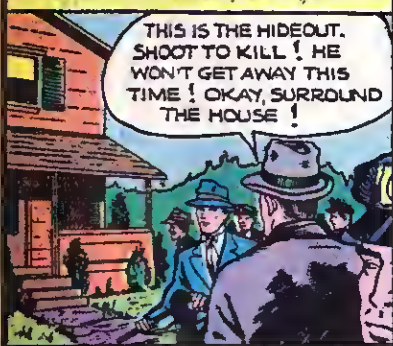
LATER....

UNDERHILL, YOU SURE PULL 'EM!

THERE AIN'T NO JAIL OR COP THAT CAN HOLD WILBUR UNDERHILL! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... THEY'VE GIVEN UP LOOKING BY NOW!



THIS TIME THE F.B.I. TOOK A HAND AND ON DECEMBER 31, 1935, CORNERED UNDERHILL AND TWO COMPANIONS IN A HOUSE AT SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA...

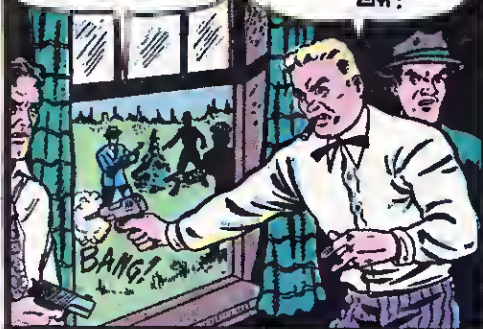


THIS IS THE HIDEOUT. SHOOT TO KILL! HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME! OKAY, SURROUND THE HOUSE!

INSIDE THE HOUSE...

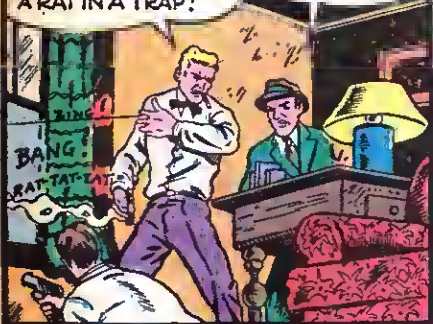
UNDERHILL, COME OUT OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!

IT'S THEM COPS! THEY WANT TO START SOMETHING. OKAY, WE'LL SHOW 'EM!

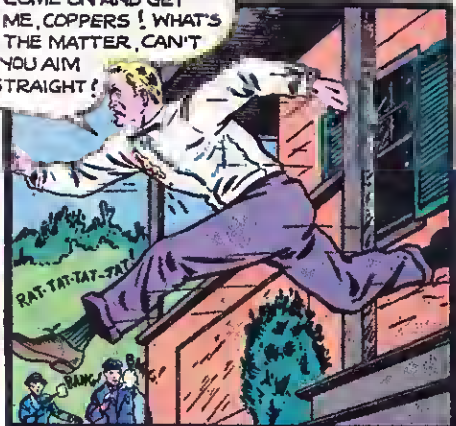


OH, I'M HIT! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! THEY AIN'T GONNA KILL ME LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YA NUTS?



COME ON AND GET ME, COPPERS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAN'T YOU AIM STRAIGHT?



HE'S GETTING AWAY! THAT GUY MUST LEAD A CHARMED LIFE!

AFTER HIM, MEN, HE CAN'T GET FAR!



UNDERHILL DIDN'T GET FAR! AFTER A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH, HE WAS FOUND IN A FURNITURE STORE WITH 33 BULLETS IN HIM

CALL AN AMBULANCE, JOHN. THESE GUYS WILL NEVER LEARN!

YEP, YOU CAN'T FOOL WITH THE LAW!



A WEEK LATER, UNDERHILL DIED FROM HIS WOUNDS, RIDDING THE COUNTRY OF ONE OF ITS MOST RUTHLESS CRIMINALS, A MAN WHO DIDN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

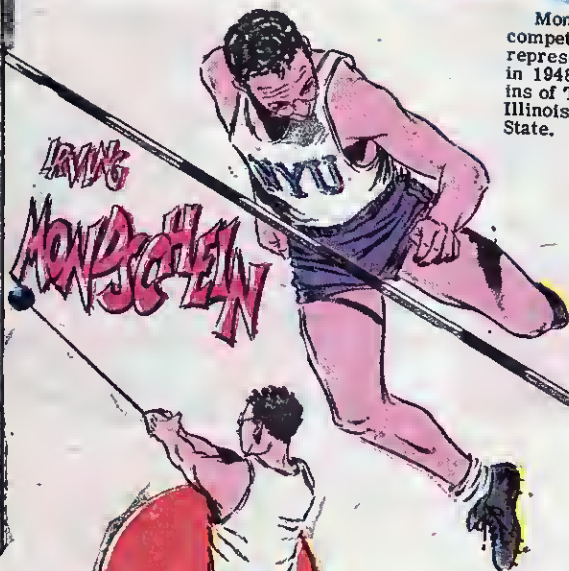
One of the best all-around athletes ever to attend N. Y. U. is ex-sgt. IRVING MONDSCHEN.

The 23-year old biology student is this country's brightest hope for the Olympic decathlon championship in 1948. Tipping the scale at 193 pounds and standing just under the 6-foot mark, Moon has been referred to as one of the outstanding athletes of all time.

Mondschein has won National decathlon titles twice. The first time in 1944 while he was still in the Army and the second time in 1946 after his return from Japan.



Mondschein's most serious competition for the honor of representing the United States in 1948 comes from Bill Cunningham of Texas, Dike Eddleman of Illinois and Lloyd Duff, of Ohio State.



Under present scoring rules for the decathlon, 1360 points is awarded for a perfect score in each of the ten events. He is rated according to his nearness to the record which counts for the maximum number of points.

The events included are the 100 m., the running broad jump, 16-pound weight throw, running high jump, 400 m., 110 m. high hurdles, discus throw, pole vault, javelin throw and the 1500 m. run.

M.--metre (39.37 inches)



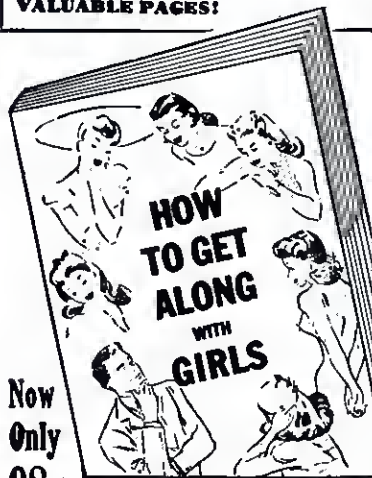
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